

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

"HEY! JOCK, ARE YE GLAD YE LISTED?"

Drums:

Hey! Jock, are ye glad ye listed?

O Jock, but ye're far frae hame!
What d'ye think o' the fields o'
Flanders?

Jockey lad, are ye glad ye came?
Wet rigs we wrought in the land o'
Lennox,

When Hiellan hills were smeared wi'
snaw;

Deer we chased through the seepin'
heather,

But the glaur o' Flanders dings them
a'!

*Blyth, blyth, and merry was she,
Blyth was she but and ben;
And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.*

This is no' the Fair o' Balloch,
Sunday claes and a penny reel;
It's no' for dancin' at a bridal
Willie Lawrie's bagpipes squeal.
Men are to kill in the morn's mornin',
Here ye're back to your daddies'
trade;
Naething for't but to cock your bonnet,
Buckle on graith and kiss the maid.

The Cornal's yonder deid in tartan,
Sinclair's sheuched in Neuve Eglise,
Slipped awa' wi' the sodger's fever,
Kinder than ony auld man's disease.
Scotland! Scotland! little we're due ye,
Poor employ and a skim-milk board,
But youth's a cream that maun be
paid for,

We got it reamin', so draw the sword!

Come awa', Jock, and cock your
bonnet!

Swing your kilt as best ye can;
Auld Dumbarton's Drums are dirlin',
Come awa', Jock, and kill your man!
Far, far's the cry to Leven Water
Where your fore-folks went to war—
They would swap wi' us tomorrow
Even in the Flanders glaur!

*Blyth, blyth, and merry was she,
Blyth was she but and ben;*

*And weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.*

Neil Munro.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STRONGHOLD.

Quieter than any twilight
Shed over earth's last deserts,
Quiet and vast and shadowless
Is that unfounded keep,
Higher than the roof of the night's high
chamber,

Deep as the shaft of sleep.

And solitude will not cry there,
Melancholy will not brood there,
Hatred, with its sharp, corroding pain,
And fear will not come there at all;
Never will a tear or a heart-ache enter
Over that enchanted wall.

But O if you find that castle,
Draw back your foot from the gateway,
Let not its peace invite you,
Let not its offerings tempt you.
For faded and decayed like a garment,
Love to a dust will have fallen,
And song and laughter will have gone
with sorrow,

And hope will have gone with pain;
And of all the throbbing heart's high
courage

Nothing will remain.

J. C. Squire.

The New Statesman.

DOOM OF THE ZEPPELIN.

Poised for an instant, stricken Levia-
than tosses and twists and heaves,
Then—with a whistling crescendo of
sound, soul-chilling, tumultuous,
Like the surging of storm-driven waters
over a desolate shore,
Or the riving of forest trees opposed to
the cyclone's sudden wrath,
Or the Wail of the Damned borne out
to the marge of the Stygian Lake—
The blazing mass plunges and dives
head down a thousand yards
plumb through space.

Whispers the wind—
"Justice, men say, is blind"
Say they?

F. C. Owlett

THE CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTIES OF AMERICAN PARTICIPATION.

In waging war the United States labors under certain difficulties in addition to those common to all democracies. These are partly indicated by two famous passages, in Bagehot's *English Constitution*. "The English Premier," he writes, "being appointed by selection, and being removable at the pleasure of the preponderant Legislative Assembly, is sure to be able to rely on that Assembly. If he wants legislation to aid his policy he can obtain that legislation; he can carry on that policy. But the American President has no similar security. He is elected in one way, at one time, and Congress (no matter which House) is elected in another way, at another time. The two have nothing to bind them together, and, in matter of fact, they continually disagree." At the time Bagehot wrote, Johnson had succeeded Lincoln as President, and there was thus before the author's eyes "the most striking instance of disunion between the President and Congress that has ever yet occurred."

Even to the alarmist this danger is today hardly visible on the horizon. In the Senate the Democrats have a working majority; in the House party lines are almost evenly divided, and the balance of power is held by a handful of Independents; but in the preparation for war, politics will figure only to a very slight extent. There was no necessity for an avowed truce, as was the case in England, since a successful opposition merely means the defeat of a particular measure, and the Government remains in office, although, perhaps, with its prestige somewhat impaired. Nevertheless, since the entrance of the United States, party lines have been largely forgotten, and the votes on particular

measures simply indicate the opinions of the individual members. Such a conflict as that of Johnson's time, moreover, is rendered the more unthinkable by the fact that President Wilson has established a measure of control over Congress far greater than anyone of his predecessors was able to achieve. It is well known that as a writer on politics, before his entrance into public life, he considered the Cabinet form of Government much superior to the Presidential, and strongly urged its adoption in the United States, although with some necessary modifications on account of the election of the chief executive. This opinion was probably due, in large part, to his study of Bagehot, and since his accession to office, Mr. Wilson, through openly assuming the position of party as well as national executive; through personal influence with members of Congress; through drafting administration measures and appealing to the country for their support; through standing out as the ablest man of his party, and, perhaps, of the country, has been absolutely dominant over Congress. The matters on which he has been defeated have been largely of insignificant detail. More than any other President he has been a Prime Minister; Congress has been led. This will be more and more the case if Mr. Wilson measures up to his tremendous responsibilities. The policy with regard to specific phases of American participation in the war will be formulated by him and his advisers and thrust through Congress. His victory on the Conscription Bill, in overcoming a clear majority against it, and in favor of trying a call for volunteers, is a signal tribute to his powers of conciliatory, but effective leadership.

Nevertheless, this Conscription Bill, and other legislation passed by Congress since the declaration of war, indicate one of the peculiar difficulties of American participation. The Legislature is jealous of its prerogatives; it has frequently chafed under Presidential control, and is determined to assert its authority in as many ways as possible. Thus the Administration did not get what it desired in certain details of the Conscription Act; the opinion of Congress was substituted for the opinion of the military experts. Congress, to cite another example, refused to pass all the measures asked by the administration to punish espionage. It was only after a doubtful debate that the President was given the power to stop exports to neutral countries, when, in his judgment, the consignments had an ultimate destination in Germany. That a Congress, organized as the present one, with no formal control capable of being exerted by the executive, should within four weeks pass a declaration of war, and a Bond-issue Act, and agree upon the principle of a conscription measure, is for the United States a record-breaking performance. But much time has been wasted; the agricultural and a score of other vital problems, demand Congressional legislation, yet with the only extra-constitutional relations between the Executive and the Legislature, the former is powerless to force action. The separation of powers theory is not likely, as Mr. Bagehot feared, to result in a conflict, but it may possibly be responsible for a serious delay when the honor of the country, to say nothing of her interests, demands an early decision. English democracy did not suffer from this constitutional difficulty. But the American Congress is determined not to be effaced to the extent that the English Parliament has suffered a diminution of its authority, and while the President may ultimately

have his way on matters of great principle, legislative discretion will be substituted on important questions of detail.

More dangerous than this, however, is the deadly delay. The influence exerted by the White House on the Capitol is entirely extra-legal, and the executive is therefore powerless when it is desired to hurry Congressional action. The bill providing for the selection of a first increment of 500,000 men by compulsion was considered in a very dilatory manner. More than three weeks were required to pass the measure through both houses of Congress; nearly two weeks elapsed before the congressional "conferees"—representatives from each House—agreed on a compromise measure, and then this had to be repassed. Without any real control of the legislature the President could do no more than argue with congressional leaders for speedy action.

The other passage which I wish to cite from Bagehot pointed out what was to his mind a more serious defect of presidential government; but this, from present indications, is not likely to be regretted in the near future. It was a particular merit, he said, that "under a cabinet constitution, at a sudden emergency this people can choose a ruler for the occasion. It is quite possible, and even likely, that he would not be ruler *before* the occasion. The great qualities, the imperious will, the rapid energy, the eager nature fit for a great crisis are not required—are impediments—in common times." When Mr. Bagehot's essays were published this inherent power had been used in only one great emergency—that of the Crimean War and the fall of the Aberdeen Ministry; but the Cabinet crises since August, 1914, afford fine illustrations of this latent excellence. Under a presidential government nothing of the kind can take place. "The American Government calls

itself a government of the supreme people; but at a quick crisis, the time when a sovereign power is most needed, you cannot find the supreme people. You have got a Congress elected for one fixed period, going out perhaps by fixed installments, which cannot be accelerated or retarded: you have a President chosen for a fixed period, and immovable during that period: all the arrangements are for *stated* times. There is no *elastic* element; everything is rigid, specified, dated. Come what may, you can quicken nothing and can retard nothing. You have bespoken your government in advance, and whether it suits you or not, whether it works well or works ill, whether it is what you want or not, by law you must keep it."

Here, again, the danger which Mr. Bagehot points out is lessened, from present indications, by the fact that Mr. Wilson is President; and that the American people will rue that part of their Constitution which gives the executive a fixed term, is not very likely. It is conceivable that public opinion might consider Mr. Wilson too Quaker-like, in Mr. Bagehot's phrase, and prefer a soldier. The astronomical character of the American system would then be a regrettable preventive, but the danger of this is not probable. Before the present emergency is over, Mr. Wilson will doubtless have to exercise his power of removing executive officials, just as during the Spanish-American War President McKinley was forced to remove his Secretary of War, although he delayed for some time in the fear that it would discredit his administration. And perhaps Mr. Wilson, if it develops that one or more of the departments is inexpertly run, may delay in order not to venture the same discredit; but it is inconceivable that he could do so for long. Here the Press, as in England, would be the compelling factor. That we shall

not regret the inflexible character of our Constitution which would prevent a change when needed, depends upon the capacities of the incumbent, and the continuous spur which newspaper praise and criticism will be to bring out these capacities to their fullest scope. While in this particular case, then, there seems to be no danger, the force of Bagehot's argument that in permitting an immediate change of leaders the English Constitution is superior to the American must be admitted. And it may be added, incidentally that if the man-power of the United States were largely engaged overseas and the country so mobilized that the turmoil of an election would be regrettable, it would be impossible to prolong the life of the legislature as has been done in England. It is fortunate that the likelihood of such an emergency is extremely remote. Of a more serious nature, however, are constitutional difficulties which Bagehot does not mention.

These were rather forcibly brought to mind a few weeks ago when the Supreme Court of the United States upheld by a bare majority State legislation limiting the hours of labor in certain industries, imposing a minimum wage for women, and providing compensation for injuries received by workmen so that they could recover without being compelled to bring suit. The validity of the laws was attacked on the ground that they impaired the obligation of contracts and deprived of property without due process of law, in violation of two limitations of the federal Constitution upon State legislative action; and the fact that the plea was rejected by a bare majority of the Court served to direct attention again to the enormous power which under the American constitutional system is vested in nine men, and oftentimes—as shown by these decisions—in one man, to check measures which

the people strongly desire should be put into effect. With regard to the exercise of federal power, the citizen is doubly protected by the Constitution: Congress can take no action with respect to a subject over which it has not been granted specific authority, and even as to the exercise of powers fully granted, certain limitations of the Constitution designed to safeguard individual liberty must not be transcended. They operate in time of war as well as in time of peace.

It is thus, in a sense, fortunate that the United States entered the war after it had been in progress for thirty-two months and when its operations will apparently be confined to its present theatre, with no more economic dislocation than was our misfortune as a neutral. Measures of police regulation will be difficult, and the Government will have to interfere with economic relations to an extent hitherto undreamed of by American jurists; but such action the experiences of European States have shown to be absolutely necessary. If, however, in August, 1914, the United States had been called upon to pass laws declaring a moratorium; enforcing martial law without a jury trial, even where the operations of ordinary courts were in no wise impeded; commandeering private enterprise and interfering with the labor contract on a vast scale; assuming control over various commodities and imposing food regulations—if the United States had been confronted by the same problems that confronted European nations, one, I venture, of three regrettable results would have followed: Congress would have held back and refused to pass some of the legislation necessary, because it feared itself without constitutional authority; plain provisions of the Constitution would have had to be violated in order to validate the legislation, or else a small

group of men, perhaps one man, would, as required by their oaths, have been compelled to check legislation which the safety of the people demanded. In any case, as I have said, the results would have been unfortunate. Once confidence in the United States Supreme Court is destroyed, as it indisputably would be were the judges to sanction emergency legislation which was admittedly unconstitutional we shall have to revise our doctrines of judicial review. If the Court really did nullify the legislation, or if Congress hesitated, the safety of the realm might be endangered. At the present time, after nearly three years of conflict, these dangers are less. European experience has forced on us the conviction that various autocratic laws are necessary and proper if a democracy is to prosecute a war successfully. In the last analysis the American courts very often simply shape their constitutional decisions according to the prevailing standard of what is reasonable. The experiments of European democracies have shown that there are many extraneous fields which must be regulated in order to make war efficiently, and there would be a far better chance now for prevailing sentiment and the Supreme Court to consider that certain regulations were necessary and proper to carry into effect an expressly delegated power, than would have been the case in August, 1914. This consideration and our remoteness from the actual conflict make the constitutional problem less acute, but it is nevertheless very important and possibly dangerous.

The powers of the federal government have by interpretation been greatly expanded since the time of Lincoln, but it is certain that the entrance of the United States into the present war will increase them very considerably, and this will raise objections on a double ground: that the

legislation goes far beyond the scope contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and relegates the States into mere administrative districts—a change which, although perhaps constitutional by liberal canons of interpretation, is in derogation of the ideal of local self-government and cannot but be regretted; and that the rights which are guaranteed by the Constitution to individuals, must be disregarded in carrying out this legislation. Even in August, 1914, when the problem was simply to safeguard our interests as a neutral, Government insurance of war risks, the amendment of shipping laws, the voting of money to aid American tourists stranded abroad, censorship of wireless stations, and the proposal of Government-owned ships to relieve the congestion of the export trade, marked a great extension of federal authority. Constitutional doubts were even expressed over the first measure which Congress passed in furtherance of our actual participation as a belligerent, and it was amended so that the bond issue to purchase foreign securities was declared to be "for the purpose of more effectually providing for the national security and defense, and prosecuting the war by establishing credits in the United States for foreign governments," the reason being that the power of Congress to levy taxes is limited to paying the debts and providing for the common defense and general welfare; and it was thought best to state explicitly the opinion of Congress that an effective war measure would be loans to America's allies.

But this question of constitutionality was of minor significance, for the purpose of the bond issue was sufficiently clear without the explanatory amendment. So, also, while it will mark an enormous extension of federal authority, there would seem to be no constitutional impediment to the pro-

posed assumption of control over the entire transportation system of the country, drafting the employees in service as will be done with the Army. Not so clear, however, is the extent to which Congress may go in regulating the food supply. So far as interstate traffic is concerned, foodstuffs may be regulated, but a card system as in Germany, or meatless days, or penal provisions to prevent waste, or price fixing apart from interstate transactions might have to be left to the States, unless the power "to raise and support armies" should be given a very liberal interpretation. It has been given practically none up to the present time; but it can be argued, with some reason, that in order to secure sufficient food for the armed forces, Congress may take whatever action seems necessary with regard to prices or consumption. And such a view is supported by a *dictum* of the Supreme Court in a civil war case* (which, however, put a very serious check on the military measures) that the war powers of Congress "necessarily extend to all legislation essential to the prosecution of the war with vigor and success. In advance of exact knowledge of the measures enacted, and the manner of their application, it would be impossible to make any definite prediction regarding the constitutional question. Certainly the lawyers in Congress would discuss the matter at great length, and there would be very serious doubts as to the federal right.

A difficult problem is also presented by the liquor legislation which is necessary to conserve the foodstuffs. The Conscription Act forbids the sale of intoxicants to men in uniform, and the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, is authorized to make additional regu-

**Ex parte Milligan*, 4 Wallace (U. S.) 2 (1866).

lations concerning the sale near camps. These could be enforced under military law, but general prohibition laws are within the exclusive province of the States; Congress has no control over manufacturing or over sales, except so far as they may have an interstate character, and, in order to national prohibition, the propagandists have for years been attempting to secure a constitutional amendment. It is an open question whether, as ancillary to the preparations for war, there could be federal legislation limiting the foodstuffs which can be used for the manufacture of intoxicants, or restricting the sale for reasons of order and increased efficiency. The Supreme Court of the United States would be called upon to determine whether such measures are "necessary and proper" for carrying into effect the power of Congress to make war. As this article is being written, the Senate has just adopted an amendment to the Espionage Act, forbidding the use of foodstuffs in the manufacture of intoxicants, although a number of the lawyers in the Upper House objected strenuously that the Federal Government had not the requisite power, and that action could be taken only by the States. Perhaps, however, the constitutional problem could be solved by a resort to indirect methods. Under its taxing power, the Federal Government regulates many subjects otherwise beyond its control. Revenue charges so high that the manufacture and sale of liquor and the sale of food at more than specified prices, or in violation of other regulations, would stop absolutely, could be constitutionally imposed. Thus, the desired end could be reached by an indirect method if direct legislation were considered not to be sanctioned by the Constitution. But, in suggesting this and other difficulties, I have not meant to argue that food or liquor

laws cannot be passed by Congress. I have simply desired to draw attention to the fact that the provisions of the organic law of the United States must be taken into account, and might serve as a possible impediment.

Already—as was the case during Lincoln's administration—difficult questions are arising with regard to civil rights. In his proclamation concerning alien enemies, issued on April 6th, President Wilson, in pursuance of authority conferred by statute, declared that enemy aliens violating the regulations issued for their control would be subject to summary arrest by designated officials and confinement in such places as might be chosen by the President. Under the only decisions—made in 1813 in the case of Charles Lockington, a British subject—aliens may be segregated and detained in certain areas or in confinement, and their release cannot be secured by a writ of *habeas corpus*. They, however, come in a class by themselves, and to the drastic treatment of them the same objections do not hold as to summary interference with the civil rights of citizens.

Legislation, however, comparable to the Defense of the Realm regulations, which practically placed England under martial law, would be impossible in the United States. The point was decided by the Supreme Court* when it was called upon to determine the authority of a military commission which, during the Civil War, had imposed the death sentence upon one Milligan, who was not a prisoner of war, or in the military or naval service, and who was a resident of a State where no military operations were being carried on. The Court held that Congress could not suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* and provide for the trial of persons by military commissions in localities away from

**Ex parte Milligan, supra.*

the theatre of hostilities when the civil courts were open for the transaction of business. In other words, in order to meet the constitutional requirement that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," actual and not simply constructive necessity by a declaration of the Legislature is necessary; and the courts will be the judge. The opinion quite flatly states: "Martial law cannot arise from a threatened invasion. The necessity must be actual and present; the invasion real, such as effectually closes the courts and deposes the civil administration." It is conceivable that an unimpeded judiciary might not always be a wholly adequate test, but it furnishes a powerful presumption that the necessity does not exist. Such, at all events, is the doctrine of American constitutional law.*

Another limitation on Congress is that of the first amendment to the Constitution which guarantees liberty of the Press. This was responsible, in large part, for the refusal of Congress to enact the section of the Espionage Bill which attempted to put a check on the publication of military or naval information. And when one compares the amended provision (which is being considered as I write) with the English regulations which are designed "to prevent the spread of false reports or reports likely to cause disaffection to His Majesty," the length to which Congress is apparently willing to go seems inadequate. The President is only given authority to prescribe regulations designed to prevent the publication of information concerning military opera-

tions, and these may not apply to the proceedings in Congress. Any *previous restraint* on the Press through a censorship will not be attempted, I venture, without the necessity for it being demonstrated by repeated indiscretions; and any suspension of publication as a penalty is almost unthinkable. This results not so much from a conviction that the freedom of the Press should not be impaired as from the specific inhibition of the Constitution which Congress does not desire to violate, even in spirit.

In time of war, moreover, it may be necessary to disregard the important constitutional prohibition of unreasonable searches and seizures. The Englishman's home is no longer his castle; the Defense of the Realm Regulations make a considerable breach in it. Authorization was given the competent military or naval authority, if he believed that any buildings or their contents were being used in any way prejudicial to the public safety, to enter, if need be by force, and to "seize anything found therein which he has reason to suspect is being used, or intended to be used," in violation of the regulations. But such summary procedure is impossible in the United States since the Constitution guarantees the people against unreasonable searches or seizures, and provides that no warrants for searches shall issue "but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." Summary action is therefore impossible. And, finally, although this was on grounds of policy rather than by reason of constitutional limitations, Congress refused to grant the Postmaster-General the autocratic power asked by the Administration to determine the character of written and printed matter to be excluded from the mails. The

*This test seems to have been abandoned in English law since *Ex parte Marais* (1902), A.C. 109. For an able discussion, which supports the American doctrine, see T. Baty, and J. H. Morgan, *War: Its Conduct and Legal Results*, pp. 6, 17 ff. 1915.

laws already exclude matter urging treason or the commission of other crimes; but they are inadequate so far as the use of the mails for propaganda against the enforcement of laws passed by Congress, or to secure their repeal, is concerned. Nevertheless, partly on the ground that such authority could not be constitutionally vested in the Postmaster-General, Congress refused to go to the lengths which the administration requested.

Mr. Wilson is not unmindful of the fact that the liberties of the citizen are threatened by much of the war-time legislation. A number of prominent American Liberals recently wrote to him in protest against any invasion of individual right; they cited various drastic ordinances and bureaucratic utterances, and asked the President to remind all officials "of the peculiar obligation devolving upon all Americans to uphold in every way our constitutional rights and liberties. This will give assurance that in attempting to administer war-time laws the spirit of democracy will not be broken. Such a statement, sent throughout the country, would reinforce your declaration that this is a war for democracy and liberty."

The President's reply was rather non-committal. He said that the protest "chimed in with my own feelings and sentiments," and added: "I do not know what steps it will be practicable to take in the immediate future to safeguard the things which, I agree with you in thinking, ought in any circumstances to be safeguarded, but you may be sure I have the matter in mind and will act, I hope, at the right time in the spirit of suggestion." And in another connection, while maintaining that there could be "no greater disservice to the country than to establish a system of censorship that would deny to the people of a free republic like our own their indis-

putable right to criticise their own public officials," he declared that "in these trying times one can feel certain only of his motives, which he must strive to purge of selfishness of every kind, and wait with patience for the judgment of a calmer day to vindicate the wisdom of the course he has tried conscientiously to follow."

The emergency legislation of this war, furthermore, will mark an enormous, and already, it is claimed, unconstitutional, increase of the authority of the chief executive. As Commander-in-Chief of the naval and military forces, he has powers far greater than those possessed by any other democratic ruler, and Congress cannot interfere except through stopping supplies or refusing to sanction increases in the establishment. But to the President is being granted plenary authority either to make regulations under a statute or to decide when the emergency exists for declaring that a particular law shall go into effect. By the Espionage Bill, for example, the President is directed to promulgate regulations against communicating and publishing information, and it is the violation of these executive regulations that will be punished. It is the President who will impose the necessary restrictions on exports to neutrals when, in his opinion, the emergency has arisen. In making these and many other comprehensive delegations of authority, the statutes show a marked departure from Anglo-Saxon legal traditions. To be sure, with industrial and political conditions as they are normally, it is impossible for the legislature to pass laws which will fit every possible contingency; continuous sessions would be necessary. In the United States delegations of a quasi-legislative function to the President and to commissions are becoming more frequent in number and broader in scope.

England has long used the device of statutory orders, by His Majesty in Council, but never on a scale remotely approximating that since the beginning of the war; and the change in both countries will be in material disregard of the Anglo-Saxon theory which is for the legislature to act as definitely as possible, particularly in criminal matters.

That the President will thus be a dictator, partly by virtue of his office and partly through being granted authority for the duration of the war, is a latent excellence which may well prove superior to the Cabinet systems of Europe. Divided authority was found dangerous in England; and for a government by "twenty-two amateurs" a smaller War Council with practically dictatorial powers was substituted. In the United States there could well be a greater co-ordination of administrative functions, but if the President so desires, there can be a dictatorship with all the departments under expert direction and removed from any legislative control. Many Americans would be immensely relieved if the politicians were replaced

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by experts, and while there seems to be no intention of doing this at the present time, the Constitution would be no bar if the President wished to take this course.

That the services of the United States in the present struggle will not be delayed or impaired by constitutional impediments is, of course, highly desirable; but what I have said above is sufficient to show, I think, that the United States labors under difficulties which are in addition to those common to all democracies. "The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in war and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times, and under all circumstances. No doctrine, involving more pernicious consequences, was ever invented by the wit of man than that any of its provisions can be suspended during any of the great exigencies of government." So spoke the United States Supreme Court, but in time of war such a proud doctrine must sometimes give way to the maxim, *Salus populi suprema est lex*.

Lindsay Rogers.

ON FIFTH AVENUE IN 1917.

When the American President declared for war a sigh of relief went up in New York. The straining at the leash of peace had been too severe.

"America's honor redeemed!" cried the pro-Allies, rushing off to the drill-ground or the Red Cross stations, according to their sex.

"America first and last!" cried the hyphenated, pro-German from habit rather than from conviction.

"We have done our best!" cried the "pacifists," scattering cables and telegrams broadcast over the world that

everyone, except a secretary, was too busy to read.

For the first time in history the Union Jack floated side by side with the Stars and Stripes on the sea breezes that sweep Fifth Avenue, east and north, and south and west—Fifth Avenue, the dorsal column, the vertebrae and nerve center of New York. Truly their main street is one of the most beautiful and magnificent thoroughfares of the world. In Paris the Champs Elysées is pompous, in London Piccadilly is charac-

teristic, in Brussels the Montagne de la Cour is (or was) alluring, in Vienna the Ring is amusing, but New York's Fifth Avenue suggests wealth, luxury and enterprise on the gigantic scale that is so dear to American ideals.

For in New York nothing is in miniature. It is more difficult to get some simple little household job done for you than in any backwood of the world; it will take about four months and many dollars' worth of telephone messages to get it done at all (if ever). But if you want ten thousand contraptions to pattern to save you getting that little household job done, you can have them by the next day.

That is why America dawdled over her entry into the War. The you-go-on-we'll-catch-you-up spirit that gives other countries and themselves (chiefly themselves) the impression that they are hustlers exists because they are quite sure that, when they once set to work, they will bring their stupendous resources and their consummate resourcefulness to bear so successfully on the subject, that they can put off the decision to work until they must. To the older civilizations who cling to the superstition of having a "policy" and of looking ahead with neatly laid plans to carry out their program, American business methods will always appear the most procrastinating and devious of methods.

"You are gamblers and not workers," I impatiently told a young Westerner who was demonstrating to me that the first duty of man was to get rich, and that quickly.

"Yes, that is what gives us our opportunities over here," he replied. "In England if I go into a big business house to suggest some new scheme, I cannot even see the boss; I am told all his arrangements have been made for so and so long ahead, and there is no room for me. Over here, every-

body is waiting around to see what will turn up, and they will listen to any new scheme you can put up to them, and so you make good!"

All the same, the man who has once "made good" is not more anxious to "take chances" than his older prototype on this side, and on the whole I think the American is slower in getting to work though he may make up for lost time by a prodigious energy subsequently. Hence the tradition of "hustling." The extraordinary turn-over of opinion on the subject of war is a case in point. For two years and a half they followed in detail, through the medium of the prolific columns of their Press, the hopes, preparations and achievements of all the nations at war, and while most Republicans were anxious to fight and many Democrats feared they might eventually be dragged into the struggle, no one ever mooted preparedness. The lesson of Switzerland guarding her passes, and Holland standing ready under arms, conveyed nothing to them; they stood by, hands in pocket, without so much as an inquiry about their own national defenses. Nevertheless the educated, the traveled population of the United States knew that they would have to fight, sooner or later, and they wanted it sooner. That the educated and traveled class is of necessity also the wealthy class gave the pacifists the cue for the saying that "War is made by capitalists." Nothing is so popular with a democracy as an attack on Capital, and it was unlucky that the President's first suggestion of peace should have caused a panic in Wall Street. "You see, Capital battens on war," cried Demos when stocks and shares came tumbling down at the mere mention of its cessation. Amongst the middle and working classes a general expression of "I'm not for war," was very frequent.

"No, we don't want you in it," I always replied.

"Why not?" was the nettled answer.

My "Because we don't want you at the Peace Conference" made them stare.

It was unthinkable that they should not be there. The picture of the American eagle hovering in benevolent neutrality until it perched on the Peace Conference table with the olive branch in its beak was a favorite day dream, rudely awakened by torpedoes and the Zimmermann indiscretion.

And so for the second time in three years I saw the awakening of the English-speaking giants. The American turned over as lazily and drowsily in his sleep as his British cousin, rather peevish at being roused, refusing at first to believe that which he had not seen with his own eyes. Washington is as far from New York and the rest of America as, shall we say, Petrograd, and our inarticulate policy of silence had not helped much against the very articulate propaganda of the enemy. We have got always to remember that Poland, Russia, Hungary and last but by no means least, Ireland, have been pouring generations of their discontented or expatriated revolutionaries into the bosom of the United States for many decades, and that their complaints and grievances have found echo in the sympathetic hearing extended to all the helpless and hopeless.

I have sat at tea with a picturesque Russian woman whose fingers, now busy with the samovar, had deftly handled a fatal bomb directed at a Governor of a province driving past her in his troika. Curiosity took me to a meeting at Carnegie Hall of the "Friends of Russia," in celebration of the Russian Revolution. The lady in question, elegantly attired in black silk and white gloves, was on the

platform. I myself, mistaking the character of the audience, had "dressed the part" in a big felt hat and a long cape, but I found myself in a boxful of opera subscription-night diamonds and evening dress (or absence of it, as is the fashion there today).

That is a comforting circumstance in New York. No woman is ever too strenuous, or too busy, or too earnest, or too poor, to neglect the manicuring of her hands and the cultivation of her pretty person: she is always dressed in the latest fashion from Paris as reconstrued by the "Potashes and Perlmutter's" of the city. It is vastly delightful for the eye to find *la ligne* even in a poor people's district that resembles White-chapel in nothing more than in its prolific Jewish population.

The "Friends of Russia" at Carnegie Hall that night were, by a curious contradiction in principles, largely composed of pacifists. They had for years tacitly condoned assassination in the interest of liberty and democracy but their objection to war as such was the taking of life! They applauded to the echo portraits of those who had suffered for Russian freedom and who had not hesitated to encourage forcible means to bring about this political upheaval, yet they were unruly when the Mayor of New York proudly stated that America was now fighting side by side with the Allies. At this juncture I thought it a point of etiquette to rise, in spite of my costume, but as I was in the singular on that occasion I subsided into my seat with a murmur. The Mayor looked at the hornets' nest in the gallery, and cried to them "There are only two kinds of people nowadays—Americans and traitors!"

I liked that Mayor, but delicacy prevented my saying so: this was matter for Americans to settle between themselves.

When I left the Hall that evening, after the "Friends of Russia" had signified their sympathy with revolution but their detestation of war, my male companion had a pamphlet on "Birth Control" thrust into his face. He was not unnaturally deeply offended. Women of gentle birth and upbringing have made it their aim to break the law (to get the law broken is nearer the mark of their intention) with regard to some old-standing decree against the limitation of families. I have heard educated women declare in one breath that "to meet killing by killing is barbarous," and in the next breath tell me they are in favor of Birth Control and ready to go to prison for the principle. Certainly the more you see of America the less you know of it. First you may take life for the sake of personal liberty, but you may not take life for the sake of national liberty; then again, you may take life for the sake of the liberation of the mother.

Well! well! a new point of view always puts heart into me: I should feel too old-fashioned otherwise, as old-fashioned as when I walk up Fifth Avenue in a frock from Bond Street. Sometimes I am inclined to speculate as to whether it is the love of the French or the love of French taste and art that has linked these two dissimilar nations. Certainly the affectionate admiration of America goes out to France in this War. By sympathy, by association—for Paris has always been the American Mecca—by temperament the American is more in harmony with the French than with any other people, and the stern, set, suffering *piou-piou* appeals much more to his pity than the sing-songing, smiling Tommy, each grimly doing his duty after his own manner. Yet the American is as proud of his English blood as a Scotchman of his clan or a Welshman of his Celtic

origin, only there was something in the abandon of the Frenchman before the War, in his frank reaching out after pleasure, and his obvious delight in the good things of the world, that tickled the American more than our dull reserve. Perhaps all this will be changed by the fact of our fighting side by side instead of being the hereditary enemy of history kept alive by the glorification of Washington and Lafayette in the standard school books. But I have not much faith in the never-can-happen-again beliefs.

A wise and witty woman to whom the reluctance of her country for war was a tragic grief was urging her countrymen and women to do their part. It was time, she thought, that children should be taught to understand that it is England's Navy that has stood between America and the Germans, time they were taught not to look upon England as an enemy. After all, she wound up, George Washington was an Englishman; it wasn't very wonderful that America should prefer an Englishman to George the Third who was a German! There were many to whom the delay was a personal sorrow. Of course, it is not pretty manners now that we are Allies to remember these things, we have a convention of forgetting the two and a half years of indecision; but knowing how deeply ashamed of their neutrality were most Americans I met, they would, I think, rather prefer it to be understood than misunderstood. Until the mystery of these years have been unveiled by time, none may judge; I can but state what I saw and heard.

When I left a fortnight ago they were preparing to give Marshal Joffre and Mr. Balfour a rousing welcome, there was an occasional note of khaki in the many-colored throng on Fifth Avenue, and round and about the territorial "armories" there was a

good deal of movement, while civilian crowds hung on the fringes watching the uniforms with that curiosity that was so familiar to us in the early days of the War. As to the price of food, that had gone up early in 1915, and was now at last to be regulated, therefore the restaurants were giving less and less for the dollar—for the middleman always puts his prices up when there is any talk of food regulations, he thrives on talk—otherwise New York pursued the uneven tenor of its starry ways and danced and dined and flirted and wined as unceasingly by night and day as before.

Only in Washington faces had grown graver and hearts heavier because the French Mission had not pretended that it had come for a compliment or a holiday; the French Mission had explained that war was not a picnic, and that no amount of dollars could produce a thousand officers a day as Ford turns out a thousand cars a day; science and time alone could do that.

In 1915 I sailed for home shortly after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. In 1916 I arrived in time for the Presidential Election, and left this year after the declaration of war. Truly I have been present at the making of American history.

It was to Sir Oliver Lodge's book *Raymond* that I owe the fact of my sailing safely home. On reading it I was suddenly reminded that many years before I had tried to get messages by means of table-rapping or planchette and I found that in New York, probably owing to some property of the atmosphere, it was possible to get immediate results, even when the sittings were with people who were strangers to psychic research. My investigations seemed to point to the fact that all messages come from the earth side and not the spirit side, and I became more and more convinced

that we carry within ourselves a wireless receiver for which we have not yet a formula. It was like hearing the instrument tick without knowing the cipher code. As, for instance, when a long silence had preceded the Russian Revolution. People were saying that something fearful must be happening there for no news had come from Russia for many days, and philo-Germans declared it pointed to something ominous: then one evening I was taking notes, not touching the table, when a name familiar to me was spelled out, purporting to come from Odessa. It was a weird story of "the yoke being unbearable," and of an escape through a window, and several Russian names, unknown to those present, mixed up in it, the kind of story that if we had had the clue would have been quite easy to piece together. Two days later came the news of the overthrow of the Tsar; and I have since learned that the communicator was last heard of in Petrograd and has recently written an interesting article in this Review on the subject of the Revolution. This was clearly a simple case of telepathy reaching from Petrograd to New York. I asked for evidence in corroboration of identity, and it was given correctly, but that may have been supplied by my own knowledge, although I was sitting apart from the operators. Some days before that we had messages coming presumably from the Front in France. I have not yet had time to verify any of them, but I doubt these being anything but my own unconscious invention. We were also told of a fight off Kent in which U-boats played a part, and a woman's name occurred in it that sounded to me like the name of a trawler or fishing boat. The next evening's paper brought a Sayville wireless of German extraction stating that German destroyers had got to the mouth of the Thames.

Later in the week an English telegram mentioned a raid on Broadstairs in which it said one woman was injured.

It will be observed that I always got these messages twelve or twenty-four hours before the news they had reference to appeared in print; thus, while it was being cabled over some travestied form of it reached the quiet concentration of our experiments. One day I received a message from a relative by marriage, who said he had "passed over"; after some words bearing on the manner of his death, he urged me three times to "Go home, Gertrude." A few days after this the mail brought me a letter informing me of his death some weeks previously. Then, of course, the admonition to go home seemed significant; either it was my own subconscious intelligence, so much wiser than my reasoning self, adopting this medium of impressing itself; or it was a voice from beyond the grave of one who might reasonably be expected to know much that is hidden from us.

From that minute I refused to listen any more to the warnings and entreaties of my friends and I determined to sail for home. I booked my passage for the earliest English sailing to Liverpool compatible with my engagements and, when a performance in which I had promised to appear was postponed, I changed my ship without anxiety, convinced that no harm would come to me. The voyage was smooth and uneventful from first to last.

It has always seemed to me a ludicrous survival of mediaevalism to prosecute professional people for telling fortunes. The Scotch are credited with the gift of second sight, for instance; seers have practised their art in all ages and climates. The magistrate who issues a warrant for charging a harmless person for believing in psychic powers is no more

enlightened than the butchers who ordered the burning of Joan of Arc. It we can explain the inspirational mediumship of the Maid of Orleans, this ignorant peasant woman who brought the French arms to victory by doing the right thing at the right moment, then why should we imagine that inspirational mediumship died with her, had only been an isolated example? The fact of the matter is that the old belief in witchcraft still survives. The law was probably framed by an unscientific body of narrow minded men who were afraid of the unknown forces within us. Being afraid, they punished.

I do not think it advisable to barter such a gift for money, for the reason that it is too elusive to be depended upon for a time schedule, and that trickery is then resorted to in order to satisfy the client, though I do not quite know where the trickery becomes the reality and *vice versa*. I have made a careful record of my experiences in telling fortunes at a Charity Fair in New York. Always intent on experience of life, I acceded to the request of an energetic and beautiful philanthropist, daughter of a world-known financial house, and consented to tell fortunes myself at a Charity Fair. I had never before been the oracle to such a stream of inquiries and I had the gravest misgivings on the subjects of my inspiration. I determined, however, to say whatever came into my mind. If I hesitated, I was lost! If, on the other hand, I let my tongue run on, I invariably alighted on the truth. One cryptic young lady gave me particular trouble. I saw that ships at sea brought her great wealth, but she was resolute that neither yea or nay should give me a clue. I heard afterwards that she was the only daughter of a firm that constructed submarines! Indeed, though the iden-

tity of my clients was in most cases unknown to me, the aggregate wealth in the fortunes I saw for them seemed to be enough to buy up the National Debt, which was not surprising when I afterwards discovered who they were. Clearly, here is something so definitely dependent on atmospheric conditions that it would seem almost possible to bring this power into subjection by scientific means, and not leave it merely to the accident of circumstance.

Many of the much discussed mediums have come from America. Mrs. Piper, whose trances were so faithfully watched and recorded by the Society of Psychical Research; Mrs. Herbine, whose talent for medical diagnosis was ascribed to the voice that was heard whispering behind her. (I have heard this myself, as did many others.)

It cannot be mere coincidence that so many psychic phenomena are traceable to one continent. Certainly Americans themselves trace their energy and mobility to climatic causes. Men and women alike assure you that they "cannot stop still"; they rise early though they go to bed late; they never "stay home." A snow-storm or a wet night will not empty places of amusement as is the case here. Whatever the weather, shops and restaurants are crowded. Fifth Avenue, on these occasions, is a little more congested, the crowds waiting at the block crossings, for the "stop" signal to keep back the traffic for the pedestrians, push a little more than usual to avoid wet umbrellas, the "stores" sell a few more of these at a dollar or two to people caught in the storm or whose own umbrellas have been turned inside out by the wind, rubbers and overshoes keep the feet out of the torrents of water that flood the roadway, but otherwise life goes on as recklessly and as noisily as usual.

For the American woman is self-

reliant, independent in spirit, and hardy and healthy in body. Her hair turns gray early on account of the dryness of climate, but she remains to her old age well-preserved, well-dressed, adapting herself to changed conditions much quicker than the women of other nations. She does not rely, as we do, on personal service because there is none available, but she is deft and neat and clever, and her nails are pink and polished, however much she has to wait on herself. With the exception of colored people, waitresses and servants are for the most part European and all the British of the working classes that I ran across had been out there for seven or eight years and had settled down with contentment. The first years are difficult, but the life gradually gets hold of them by the very fascination of its restlessness and color, and they all agreed "they liked it for many things." Life is certainly easier for them, it has fewer restrictions and shorter hours, it is many times more expensive than in England, but they earn more and have pleasanter opportunities of getting rid of it!

Since we are Allies at last, it is time we got to know one another. I am always surprised that, great travelers and tourists as we are, so few English have the curiosity to go to the United States, by far the easiest voyage to take for anyone in need of change. As in the old days the sons of cultivated parents made the Grand Tour of Europe in search of polish and culture, so the fathers of young men destined for business might do well to send them to the United States to study their methods. Besides which, if we are going to stand shoulder to shoulder in this great struggle for freedom, let us drop this mask of indifference. The American is oftener than not of British forbears, and left home young to find an outlet for his energy; he usually finds what he wants,

Thereafter he looks down on us for having stayed behind, and then we patronize him because he would like us to know what a lot of money he has to spend.

Well, let us give up patronizing on both sides; that lifting of the eyebrow, that unconscious turn of the shoulder that we give to a man whose table of manners does not correspond to our own, is very quickly detected by a nation of shrewd, quick-witted men. There is no one so sensitive to criticism about his crudeness as the Yankee; there is nothing he resents so much as the slightest touch of contempt. It makes him want to boast (which he is not guilty of in his own home), and then the breach between us widens. So we shall have to "get busy" and be tolerant of one another's very patent weaknesses. America and Great Britain together will have to make the earth a "livable" planet after the War.

I hope, amongst other things, they will teach us "plumbing" in return for a few hints we may be able to give them on the social amenities. Well-warmed houses and plenty of hot water have saved me a doctor's bill during the longest and severest of winters, and I trust I may be able to

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winter there again. Their ingenuity in the saving of labor is colossal.

The first thing that greeted our eyes when we awoke in the war zone, on board the good, stout ship that carried us so valiantly into an English port, was an American destroyer. It was a surprise to everyone on board, and there was something dramatic and picturesque about it too, this coming out of the morning mist of the Stars and Stripes to welcome an English ship on her home coming.

And the splendid devotion of that mercantile marine, who shall speak of that if not those who travel at this time in peril on the sea! To go backwards and forwards always under the same tension, always carrying their lives in their hands, always considering the welfare of and reassuring the passengers, these men and women and boys, sailing thus, month in, month out, without thought of reward, without prospect of promotion, without even the chance of glory, but just as part and parcel of life's routine, and all in the day's work. I often looked at them and silently thanked them for "carrying on" the great business of the State, just as bravely and as steadfastly as the heroes in the trenches. And America will do no less!

Gertrude Kingston.

CHRISTINA'S SON.

By W. M. LETTS.

CHAPTER IV.

Christina sat in her little plot of garden with her son upon her knee. On the other side of the wall Mrs. Brown's new baby had broken into stentorian outcries against this strange new world in which she found herself.

Mrs. Merridew, whose comfortable person was rather narrowly confined by a basket chair, said, "Hush! Hush!" vainly.

"She'll wake the boy—really she shouldn't."

"Poor Mrs. Brown!" said Christina, "nobody pets and congratulates her. When you get to number five people only think you're a bother. I don't deserve all the fuss one bit, mother." Mrs. Merridew beamed upon her daughter. She felt entirely satisfied with the orderings of Providence. Christina had a son. The next link in

the chain of the generations was forged. She troubled not at all as to the why or the wherefore of this endless chain; she had always been Nature's docile pupil. Now that she was a grandmother, her cup of life was full, and she was tranquilly ready for death. Christina continued her reflections aloud.

"Why! Nurse says I wasn't even a bad case—just average."

"There now! didn't I tell you it wouldn't be half so bad as you expected."

"But that wasn't true mother. One can't expect what one doesn't realize. I didn't know there was such pain in the world."

"Now, don't begin looking backwards. Be a grateful girl and look at your lovely boy. What more can you want?"

The mother lifted sunny eyes to her mother's face.

"Oh! I don't want anything more. I never knew one could suffer so much, and I never knew one could be so happy. One couldn't want another for a long while yet. . . . I shall have to forget first."

It was an afternoon in July, a month after the birth of Christina's son. The Merridews had come to rejoice over their grandchild, and to be present at the christening, which was arranged for the following Sunday.

Mr. Merridew, very benign in his white waistcoat and new straw hat, joined the two women in the garden. Christina rose and laid the sleeping baby in his perambulator. "Nurse says one oughtn't to hold them too much; they're better sleeping in a cot or pram" she explained to her mother.

"Tut!" said Mrs. Merridew sharply, "I brought up my children well enough and I never had those notions. I rocked them in my arms and I rocked them in the cradle, and very well you thrive on it too."

Christina looked wise.

"I'm sure one shouldn't rock babies," she answered decisively. She considered her mother's knowledge decidedly out of date. Mrs. Merridew had felt ruffled many times of late. She accounted herself an absolute authority on the science of baby rearing, and her suspicion that this authority was sometimes questioned by her amateurish daughter and a chit of an unmarried nurse, galled her pride. Besides she had an unacknowledged jealousy that seizes many women when another woman takes possession of a child in their presence. She longed to snatch her grandchild away from these would-be wise young women, and to show how perfectly she could soothe and manage him.

"When I brought up my children there wasn't half the fuss and half the coddling there is now," she said; "if instinct doesn't teach a woman what to do for her child, how, will you tell me, please, do animals rear their young? There's not a Chevasse for cats, yet they're never at a loss."

Christina laughed.

"But the human animal," said she, "has no instinct, and the human mother is absolutely terrified at the human young—I am. How I'm ever to bathe baby alone, Heaven knows."

"Practise makes perfect," declared Mr. Merridew, who found platitudes and proverbs a great resource.

"Well," said his wife, rather grudgingly, "of course the boy is Christina's and not mine. But I must say there are many of nurse's ways I don't agree with."

"I don't agree with open air," remarked Mr. Merridew firmly. "On a hot day like this, it's all very well to sit out, but opening windows is contrary to nature, for it produces a draught. Our grandfathers got on very well with shut windows, and why shouldn't we?" As no one ever argued with Mr. Merridew he had the

perpetual conviction, and comfortable it was, of having proved his point. He smiled kindly on his daughter.

"Now, what's the young man's name to be?" he asked genially.

"Laurence Burke," she answered with some timidity.

"And why Laurence, and why Burke, Chris?"

"Laurence, papa, just because I like it—and Mark wanted me to choose what I liked, and Burke because, Mark has an uncle Burke, a brewer—Burke's beer you know; he's the most distinguished relation, so we thought we ought to keep the name."

"I should have said Thomas Mottram," said Mrs. Merridew, with conviction, "Thomas, after your father, and Mottram, my maiden name; I'm certain if it comes to that, that the Mottrams ploughed their own land before the Burke's ever thought of beer. Besides, Mottram is a pretty name, and when you think of the old farm-house still there, with the old oak and pewter—though they have been sold to another—it seems to me it's the Mottrams who ought to be remembered."

"What about John Robertson?" asked Mr. Merridew, struck by a bright idea. "John, after my brother who died—though it was D.T. that killed him, poor fellow—and Robertson, after my mother's family. One of them was in the Navy, and you can't beat that, mother."

"I heard from Jenny," said Christina suddenly; "she said that they all thought 'Edmund Christopher' was the ideal name, and they hoped I'd choose it."

"Christopher, stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Merridew. "Well! of course, he's your child, Christina, and it's your right to choose his name, and I don't want to influence you in the least, but Thomas Mottram would be an excellent choice,"

"And Madge wrote," continued Christina reflectively, "and said that Scotch names were so fashionable, and she suggested Norman Forbes."

"Of all the ridiculous names!" cried the grandmother. "I hope you'll tell her to mind her own business, and that the boy's name is your affair and no one else's, for, if you do prefer Burke to Mottram, it's your business, my dear." Christina looked at her sleeping son with a smile.

"Suppose we choose Thomas Mottram Burke, and I call him Laurence for short," she suggested.

"Well, you have till tomorrow to decide," said Mr. Merridew, "but think over John Robertson."

At this moment the subject of the discussion awoke to clamorous life. His mother, half timid still in his presence, lifted him up and carried him into the house.

It was an exquisite joy to her to feel the little bundle of flannel and cambric and wool with its human kernel in her arms. When she could quiet him she loved to have her son to herself, to admire in reverent wonder the little perfect hands and feet, the downy head with its throbbing of life. She was enchanted by the child's closeness to herself, the supreme intimacy of their relationship, and yet awed by his distance, the sense of a new personality already so strong to desire and to demand. She imagined a thousand feelings and thoughts that no prodigy of babyhood could claim. She fancied him pleased and observant, and hoped fondly that he recognized her now as his mother, even while she had to admit that a hired nurse could pacify him when she failed.

As she held him in her arms, pretending that he could see the road from the bedroom window, and feel pleased to watch his approaching father, she felt a sudden wave of happiness pass over her soul.

All that had been aimless in her had found purpose, the inchoate had become definite. She knew, as she expressed it to herself, what she had been made for. In the phraseology of that wise and ancient society, the Church, she had found her vocation.

Already a system had absorbed her, a system that demanded self-abnegation and submission for the good of another, and in compliance with this system she found happiness. From the time of her child's birth the system had called for her co-operation. There had been little of that elegant and languorous ease that she had pictured. All the tedium of nursing had to be endured; even at this period a certain amount of science was brought to bear on maternity cases. Then she must submit to strict rules of diet, drink stout which she detested, and refrain from things that she liked. She must be roused from the sleep of great weariness to minister to her son's needs. She must learn the art of washing and dressing him, she must grapple with the why and the wherefore of his stentorian cries. This new life was an initiation into the mysteries of body and soul. The functions of womanhood were made apparent to her. She saw that woman is both the priestess and the scullion of nature. She is the nurse of a new body, just one of the mother animals whose instinct is to preserve life, but she is also the guardian of a new soul, an infinite possibility. Life reveals to her the sordid and the sublime. By her dutiful service mean things are transmuted into divine offices. For nine weary months she knows every form of physical discomfort, and in the end she stands on the pinnacle of suffering made glorious by motherhood. Christina, without considering very deeply the nature of the change, knew that the change had come, that never

again could she be as she had been before this supreme adventure.

It had been decided almost at the last moment that Laurence Mottram should be the name. This had been attained by Mrs. Merridew's sudden renunciation of her pet surname in favor of her husband's. The deeply-laid scheme succeeded, as it often did, and Mr. Merridew suddenly abandoned his victory and declared that "mother and Christina must have their way." Mark as a submissive father agreed, and Laurence Mottram was handed over to the gentle old priest who signed him with the cross.

Christina realized now that if the mothers of old brought their children to Christ, today it is often the children who bring their mothers. Her love to the child had quickened the religious sense in her. Her own strength was no longer enough. The love in her heart craved the Divine love to perfect it. Her motherhood was a conversion. In realizing her relationship to the natural order of things she gained some apprehension of its corollary, her place in the supernatural.

As she stood by the font trying to picture the Good Shepherd holding her child in His arms, she came to see more of the Church's function, its motherhood to souls. Underlying the physical order was this spiritual order, making life, she perceived, a sacrament to the discerning. Her son was now a member of this great company, with his name, his duties, and his privileges. He was one of the company of saints, apostles, martyrs, this little drowsy bundle of shawl and lace. Exalted by the grave dignity and tenderness of the service, Christina felt that she could dedicate him to God at whatever cost to herself. She thought of him as a possible priest, bearing witness even in martyrdom in some far off land. Words, dimly remembered,

were in her mind; "the sword shall pierce through thine own soul also." She felt ready now to bear anything to agonize, to die, if it might be, on behalf of this child of hers.

There was solemn rejoicing in the little house in Dale Road that day. A christening cake, surrounded by the baby's presents, stood on the dining-room table. Christina, mindful of the Brown family, cut it in half and ran to the house next door with her offering. All the Browns were in the garden. There was an air of subdued festivity about them owing to the absence of Mr. Brown. Mrs. Brown, in the faded muslin of last summer, was sitting on a green garden seat, her children all about her. There was a vision of fat bare legs and round pink faces, short skirts and white frills. Jack, who always inherited the clothes of an elder brother, was clad in a sailor suit that showed signs of a recent tumble. He was leaning against his mother, his face pressed against her arm. There was a murmur of excitement when Christina, the cake-bearer, appeared. Mrs. Brown rose in a bevy of children. She was full of gratitude. Gratitude was an art with her.

"And did you see Jack and Poppy in church?" she asked. "Jacky would go. I never knew such a determined boy, so he got Mary Ann to take him."

"I'm glad he came. I do want your children to be friends with mine in the future—how little one knows of the future. Would you foresee it for your children if you could?" Christina asked.

Mrs. Brown shook her head.

"No, no," she said, "it is best not to know."

CHAPTER V.

The life of Westhampton was uneventful. The scandals were mild.

Its great events were Nature's happenings—births, deaths, epidemics and the like. Essentially it was a middle class town where prudence was held in respect, and where Satan found but few idle hands and idle minds ready for gallant devisings and daring iniquities. Wickedness abounded in Westhampton, but it was a humdrum wickedness.

Against this sober curtain of virtue the Warwick Brown divorce case stood out boldly. Mr. Warwick Brown was elder brother to Vere Brown, of Dale Road, but by reason of having more money, his misdeeds were more apparent and more reckless. He had married, as all the world knew, into the landed gentry, that is to say Mrs. Warwick Brown's grandfather had had land and lost it.

This unhappy couple lived at the fashionable end of Westhampton, and, except at Christmas, ignored their relations in Dale Road.

The divorce furnished much discreet conversation to the matrons who met at afternoon tea. Christina, like the rest of the world, had her At Home Day. In the morning she polished the silver herself and dusted the room. She expended sixpence or even a shilling on flowers for the mantelpiece. At three o'clock she changed her dress, and at half-past three sat down with some light and presentable needlework to await visitors.

Her infant son in a clean muslin dress was always brought in at a certain hour, and presented to any ladies who were there. This was Christina's proudest moment, and her regard for her visitors depended entirely on their notice of the child. Christina was lynx-eyed for a careless or half-hearted attention, or for insincere compliments. She divined the true mother heart with unerring instinct.

The matrons who visited Christina agreed to condemn both Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Brown. "You may be sure it's her fault too," they said: "a woman oughtn't to have to divorce her husband."

Christina appealed to Mrs. Vere Brown as to one who could speak with authority. They sat together over the fire taking that secondary tea which frequently follows the departure of mere acquaintances. Mrs. Brown, in her best velveteen coat, and her astrakhan furs, looked pretty, but rather faded in the gas-light.

"My dear, she shouldn't do it. She should think of the example. A woman ought to be patient. We are not like men; it is our duty to bear and forbear."

Christina could not accept this point of view.

"It's not fair," she said. "Why should she endure a bad and cruel husband without a murmur?"

"Oh! but Warwick wasn't really cruel. He only pushed her, and the poor man was drunk at the time and didn't know what he was doing."

Mrs. Brown spoke for her class and for her time. The wives of Westhampton bore and forbore till the grave, and many a peaceful old age of repentance and reconciliation closed the bitter chapters of middle age. These women believed firmly in a double standard. They did not think that much could or should be expected of man. Their forbearance was an insult that their men ought to have resented bitterly, but some perverted idea of womanliness was entangled with this meek sufferance of what was despicable. The wives climbed to heaven on their husbands' faults. They had, while on earth, upheld a belief in a superior sex, a sex that must be cosseted and yet hoodwinked. They were born actresses, and held that man's place is in the auditorium

of life, woman's alternately on the stage and behind the scenes, in all the muddle of stage effects and scenery.

Christina was critical of this system. Her own husband needed neither flattery nor patience, and she did not readily comprehend the attitude of meek forbearance.

"I think she might have been more patient," said Mrs. Brown, "though she is my sister-in-law, and though of course I pity her I can't approve of any woman divorcing her husband. Men are not like us; they have more temptations. We ought to remember that. It does no good. I know she says it's for the boy's sake, but then a divided home is such a bad example for a child."

"Well, I take her part," Christina exclaimed. "How could she endure the insult of his behavior?"

Mrs. Brown looked at her teacup.

"One can endure anything," she said; "and a woman with a child has enough for her happiness, and then . . . then one has always God." So, in a few words, did Mrs. Brown express her creed and her philosophy.

"Oh! that may suit the saints, but other people want happiness."

"When you don't want to be happy you're far happier, I've found that," answered Mrs. Brown. "If you're thankful for everything that isn't too bad, you find quite a lot of happiness, really you do. I'm often surprised how many nice things happen in my day. Why, only yesterday I counted up to six nice things."

"What were they?" Christina asked smiling.

Mrs. Brown put down her teacup so as to use her fingers arithmetically.

"Well, first, Susan took back her notice and said she'd stay on; then Jack was top of his class again; three was that I managed to pay all the bills; four was that Dicky fell downstairs but wasn't hurt—I made sure

he'd broken his arm; five was that my husband came home in quite a good temper; and six was that Jack gave me a bookcase he'd carved himself."

Christina was thoughtful. She reverted to Mrs. Warwick Brown.

"She had her child to think of," she said; "children matter more than anything."

Mrs. Brown shook her head.

"No, no, one shouldn't forget husbands! They do matter, Christina, 'for better, for worse,' remember. It's not fair to leave a man in the lurch. We ought to forgive till seventy times seven."

She rose to go, drawn homewards by the children's needs. Christina too was longing to have her little son to herself.

Laurence was now three. Christina's second son had died a few days after his birth, to her bitter grief. This loss had doubled her devotion to her first-born. Fear seemed always to shadow her love, making the joy of possession the brighter by contrast.

Motherhood was her vocation. It absorbed all her thoughts and interests and was her perfect satisfaction. She had no sympathy for a dissatisfied mother. To her a child was the solution of life's riddle, the reason for existence.

With Laurence, the little fair plain-faced child, she was perfectly herself. She was radiant, self-expressive as she had never been before. A child's hand had taken the key from the nail and opened the gates of the Land of Heart's Desire. She had a lover, loyal, enthusiastic, whose very exactions and jealousies brought her bliss.

The little pattering footsteps that sought her from room to room, the anxious cry of "Mother . . . Mother . . . where are you?" were music to her. Happiness, keen and more pas-

sionate than any other kisses had brought her, lay in the pressure of the child's mouth on her cheek, in the clinging arms about her neck, the weight of the little body in her arms. She had never known herself witty, brilliant, self-expressive, till now, when her stories were urgently demanded, her songs commended. Westhampton was in these days a fairy place, the habitation of bears and giants and fairies and all the heroes of nursery lore. Mrs. Mark Travis broke boldly through the conventions and wheeled out her own perambulator. People turned often to look at the happy face that passed, for conscious joy is rare in the street.

All the ordered routine of child life was Christina's delight. She grudged the social duties that kept her from her son's tea-time and his play-hour. Often she pleaded his bath hour and rushed homeward to cheat Theresa of the coveted office. The steamy bathroom was a haven of peace. The ritual of the bath was almost sacred, so precious, so holy seemed the little naked body of her child.

Never was Christina nearer to God than when her son knelt on her knee saying his prayers against her shoulder. Her own love went out to the divine love, cognizant of its tenderness, its infinite pity, its eternal hope, as she clasped her arms about her son.

Laurence was so perfectly her own; in this lay her joy. No petted beauty, no queen of men's fleeting fancies roused her envy now. It was enough to be all in all to one being. And the child answered her with that absorbing, jealous, vehement devotion which is the reward of mother love.

Both in their own way loved Mark, but he was not essential to their happiness. Laurence regarded him affectionately during the week as an evening visitor, on Sunday he eyed

him jealously as something of an interruption.

"You're mine mummy, not daddy's mummy," he urged, trying to draw her away from the tedium of grown-up conversation. But even these exactions were sweet to Christina. She was essential to her son, and in that lay her perfect satisfaction.

This fact of parenthood dominated her point of view. From this she judged and condemned the erring Warwick Brown, little dreaming then how fateful for her were his actions.

She discussed the divorce with Mark one evening after dinner.

"I can't think," she said, raising her eyes from her sewing, "how a married man with a wife and child could get entangled with a girl like that—not even a lady!"

Mark sighed and laid down his newspaper. He was growing stouter and becoming a little bald. He looked, more than ever, the typical bourgeois, the middle-class father and husband.

"I never saw her," he said; "girl at a tobacconist's, I believe."

"Yes; I saw her once. Our Mrs. Brown pointed her out; she blacks her eyebrows and rouges her face, and uses cheap scent—how can men like that sort of thing?"

"Well! we shouldn't be too hard on him, poor chap. It always might be oneself, you know."

"Mark! you can't sympathize with a man like that?"

Mark rose heavily and began to regulate the clock on the mantelpiece. Clocks interested him more than philosophy or ethical questions. "I don't know," he said, peering into the clock as he spoke, "we're all coarse, rough brutes, under our frock-coats and shirt-fronts. Some keep it under—others don't. I suppose Brown broke out at last. You see you women forget that the brute is there."

Christina laughed.

"My dear Mark . . . are you a brute?"

Mark shook the clock a little and listened.

"Yes," he said simply.

"And do you want to flirt with girls in shops, who rouge their faces and use cheap scent?"

"I know the feeling."

"Mark!"

"There! I told you the brute was there."

"But do you flirt with them?"

"No. I had a good mother; that makes the difference. I see a bad act as a bad act."

Christina dropped her work and sat gazing at her husband with a changed expression.

"Do you mean?" she asked quickly, "that I'm not enough . . . that Laurence and I don't satisfy you?"

Christina's absorbed interest in her motherhood had dimmed her sense of other relationships. She expected Mark to be entirely satisfied with the fact of his fatherhood. Discontent seemed amazing.

Travis turned and stood before her on the hearth rug. For a moment his wife was acutely conscious of him as a personality.

"Yes," he said slowly, "oh! yes, you're enough for the decent man in me. But sometimes a sort of weariness of things comes over me, the everlasting grind of business. One wants a change, excitement, glitter. I don't know what . . . the things you women think vulgar and horrid. A lady never does understand that feeling . . . she doesn't want to wallow; a man does, for a time at least. If one could get away, throw civilization to the winds, be a brute, it would be a relief you know. Well, a common girl, the sort you describe, understands that. She's less civilized, and I suppose, more of a primeval woman, she's easily pleased and expects less."

Once more he became deeply interested in his clock. Christina was silent. She had fallen into the habit of regarding a husband as a possession, a part of the household as is the dining-room table or the kitchen dresser. These revolutionary feelings amazed and frightened her, and at the same time quickened her interest.

After a long silence she spoke.

"I do understand," she said. "I thought men like the Browns were exceptions. I suppose you all feel like them, but keep it under, and we don't make allowance." She thought again for a moment, then said, "It is so easy to be a mother; that comes by instinct, but I suppose one only learns to be a wife."

But Mark would not discuss the matter. He did not realize that it had a psychological interest for Christina. He put his arms round her.

"I was an ass just now. Forgive me, dear. Doing figures all day gets on my brain sometimes and I talk rot. Of course I think Warwick Brown behaved like a beast . . . only I'm sorry for him too, that's all. Do say you forgive me."

Christina put up her hands to the pink good-natured face. She looked into her husband's blue eyes. She thought she saw his soul, and she wondered at the goodness and honesty of a good man, which is a wonderful and pathetic subject to a woman, because she is so rarely an idealist.

(To be continued.)

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE WAR.

The material advantages likely to come to the Allies as a result of the entry of some of the South American Republics into the war are obvious from a glance at statistics of their resources or at a list of interned and other shipping in their ports.

It is scarcely a reproach to say that not much is known here as to the special characteristics of the different Republics. Three years ago South America concerned herself but little with Europe, except as the market where her products were sold, and where she could obtain the luxuries with which the rich South American loves to adorn his life. It seemed then that half a century at least must pass before even the wealthiest of the Republics could influence or wish to influence European affairs. Internal questions—consolidation, electoral and educational reform, immigration, development of resources, communications, irrigation—these were the matters on which the attention of the

Republics was of necessity concentrated. The general attitude towards Europe was shown in the phrase—half proud, half deprecating—which one so often heard: "We are a new country, barely a century old; a few years ago the Indians were at our doors; we cannot be expected to have anything good of our own yet"—an apology which could but bring the obvious disclaimer, when one contemplated the crowded harbors, the miles of docks, the thronged streets, the palaces of Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires.

If the truth be told, many Englishmen are inclined to put all the Republics into one category: they associate them vaguely with great wealth and love of display, with frequent revolutions, and armies in which everyone is at least a colonel. Such a picture is strangely inadequate and inaccurate. The mentality and general character of the several Republics differ widely, but all who have lived

in South America cannot but be impressed by the solidity of the basis on which the countries are being built up—almost everywhere—and by the seriousness of purpose and dignity of those who govern them. An attempt to describe the three great Republics which are most likely to be concerned in the war may possibly be of some interest at this moment.

Certain characteristics all the Republics may be said to have in common. First, I should place an intense, even a Chauvinistic patriotism, and at the same time a suspicious, almost morbid, sensitiveness to foreign opinion. Common to all is a quick responsiveness to ideas, easily fanned by the eloquence of a public speaker—and nearly all Americans are born public speakers—or by the eloquence of the Press. The South American Press may sometimes strike one as inclined to be grandiloquent and excitable; it is, however, the true reflection of a national temperament very different from our own—a temperament more easily moved by words, more open to emotions, more frank in their expression, more interested in the theoretical than the practical side of life. Hence—especially as the South American is at the same time fully alive to material advantages—it is not surprising that everywhere there is a tendency to leave the execution of great projects in the hands of foreigners.

Again, in each of these democratic Republics, proud as they are of their youth and independence, one finds a half-concealed admiration for tradition and antiquity, and an entirely unconcealed cult for a certain social class—*las altas familias*—who may be either of colonial descent or else the aristocracy of mere wealth.

The conditions of domestic life are much the same all through South America. Men and women pursue their occupations and pleasures a

good deal on separate lines. Women take no part and not much interest in public affairs, but the care of the children, religion, and such works of philanthropy as the Church may direct are left entirely to them. It is not uncommon to find two, three, and even four generations living together in one of the great old-fashioned houses, which stretch back into *patio* after *patio*. As the *patrona* is supreme in her own house, the influence of women is perhaps as great as it is in European countries.

These generalizations apply only to the Latins, who, of course, form the governing class. The line of cleavage between the governing and governed is most marked everywhere in South America. The reason is not far to seek. In Peru and Bolivia, for example, the bulk of the population is Indian; in Brazil, in addition to the Indian population, there is a great negro element; in Argentina there is a mixed and fluctuating foreign immigration; in Chile the agricultural peasant is extremely poor and has but little chance of improving his position.

In almost every Republic the large proportion of the annual expenditure which is devoted to armaments bears witness to the importance attached to the defense of the country. In almost every Republic there is a mission of European officers for the purpose of training the army or navy, or both, and it is always the ambition to have the best and newest thing in the way of equipment—usually made in Germany. The better the army, the stronger the Government and the less probable a revolutionary movement.

The hundred years of South American independence have been marked by constant fighting, but, on the whole, South American wars and revolutions have not been more unreasonable than those which have taken place in Europe. Boundary disputes or, for

instance, the "drives" which exterminated the Indians in Argentina have accounted for a good deal of bloodshed. Twice Paraguay has defended her independence, the second time for five years of cruel fighting against Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay; twice Chile has fought against her northern neighbors; twice England has taken part in South American disputes, the first time most ingloriously. As for the revolutions, although sometimes they have been the work of political agitators for their own ends, in many cases they have been more than justified—for example, the revolution in Argentina which ended in the expulsion of the tyrant Rosas in 1852. In Chile the last revolution was in 1891 against President Balmaceda. Balmaceda was an idealist, many years in advance of his time; not a few who fought against him own that they would be with him today if he were yet alive. As prosperity increases, revolutions tend to become less frequent, men realize that they have more to lose by a disturbance of order. Moreover, it is the general opinion, both among foreigners and the inhabitants themselves, that on the whole each successive administration is an advance on its predecessor, both as regards efficiency and moral standard.

Brazil, the first to be settled, the last to throw off European Government, the nearest to Europe of all the Republics, the vastest in extent, the foremost, as she claims, in *cultura*—a word which is probably less popular now than it was three years ago—has led the way. Portuguese traditions of friendship with England, natural affinity with the French, indignation at the affront offered her flag, may all in their degree have influenced her decision, but the mainspring of Brazil's action has surely been the irresistible desire to take her part in the greatest

of all crusades and at the same time to give the lead to her sister Republics.

In area, Brazil ranks sixth among the Great Powers of the world, but almost the whole country lies within the tropics, much of it is dense forest, and except on the seaboard it is only sparsely populated. It is a country with magnificent waterways, with a soil rich in minerals and fertile with tropical luxuriance, with no great mountains, but with diversity of elevation enough to make life possible and pleasant in many regions for the white settler.

To an outsider, the cohesion between the twenty-one States of Brazil seems a loose one, and the power of the Federal Government not very strong. Distances are vast, communications bad, common interests few. The immense resources of the country are as yet undeveloped. Only those who have traveled in an insect-ridden country like a great part of Brazil can realize how much man is handicapped in the struggle and how intolerable life becomes, when each moment one is exposed to a minor torture.

Grave political disturbances, lasting sometimes for weeks or months, are not rare. Sao Paulo, the most progressive and prosperous of the States, with an extremely efficient police force organized by French officers, is apt at times to assume a defiant attitude towards the Federal Government. Strange impostors, "fanatics" as they are called, claiming spiritual authority, have been able even in recent years to attract a following and raise more or less serious revolts in the more distant States.

In Brazil, as in the other Republics, everything is in the process of evolution. The country is feeling its way through problems of special difficulty and urgency. There are contrasts within the British Empire not less

marked than the contrast between the civilization of Rio and the barbarism of the remoter parts of Brazil, but such contrasts are not so striking when not contained within a continuous land frontier.

Brazil has her poets, authors, painters, and men of science. In the public life of recent years two names stand out: Baron Rio Branco, for many years Foreign Minister, whose death called forth tributes of admiration from every South American Republic; and, in a different category, Ruy Barbosa, a man who may yet rise to highest office. Ruy Barbosa has something of the sacred fire and magnetism of Mr. Lloyd George. Whether he will gain the necessary following and reach actual achievement is one of the most interesting personal questions in Brazilian politics.

Let it be remembered to her honor that Brazil is confronted with the problem of a great German population. The more temperate, southern States of Brazil are largely colonized by Germans, and men of German extraction have been found in public life throughout the States. Many of these Germans are perhaps better citizens of the Republic than was ever contemplated by their Mother Country. Recent events have made it clear that yet another German dream must fade away, and that there will never be a Neu-Deutschland in South America.

The characteristics of Argentina, a country that stretches from the tropics nearly to the Antarctic regions, and from the Atlantic across seven hundred miles of plain to the wall of the Andes, cannot be easily summarized. It is a land of contrasts—the wealth and luxury of Buenos Aires and the ugliness of its mean suburbs; the pretentious public buildings and the deserted streets of La Plata; the

boundless pampas, level, featureless, broken only by unlovely wire fencing or an unlovely camp town, but rich with live stock, and alfalfa and grain and flax; the undulating wooded hills of Misiones with their yerba plantations; the mountains of Cordova; the cane-fields of Tucuman; the great rivers; the stony wastes of Patagonia, stretching south to the stern cliffs and glaciers of the Magellan Straits; the inhospitable shores of Tierra del Fuego; the romantic region about Lake Nahuelhuapi; the lonely valleys that lead back into the towering Cordillera—what is there in a country with climate and conditions so divergent that can create a common national life?

And, indeed, the races which are slowly peopling this vast country have not yet been welded into one homogeneous whole. Of the Indians, the original owners of the soil, one hears always "*Se han retirado de aquí*" ("They have gone away from here"). A gaucho—the descendant of mixed Spanish and Indian blood—is rarely seen now. The Spanish element and the Spanish tongue predominate, it is true, but there is a great Italian population, which, though to a certain extent it comes and goes, is a most important factor in Argentine life. Then there are colonies of Poles, of Russians, of Jews, of Welshmen—in short, of nearly every European nationality.

The British colony is important, not only numerically, but because of the place it takes in the economic life of the country. The management of the main railways is in British hands, and many of the great contracts have gone to British firms. There are said to be hundreds of millions of British capital invested in Argentina. Until the war Englishmen were in charge of many of the best *estancias* and businesses. It has not been fully realized

here how with one accord the younger men gave up their excellent posts and prospects and came home to fight.

The German colony consists chiefly of men connected with banks and business houses of all kinds. It lives its own life, prosperous and apparently unconcerned with what lies beyond its own circle. But it must be borne in mind that the Argentine army is organized by German officers, and that every year a certain number of Argentine officers has gone to Germany for training, that the army is equipped with German *matériel*, and that German influence is necessarily strong, not only with the army, but with the Government generally. The rich Argentine naturally goes to Paris for jewels and dresses for his beautiful womankind, and Paris affords him the type of pleasure he most enjoys and wishes to imitate; but Germany has hitherto seemed to possess the standard of efficiency and the system he would best like to adopt in his own country.

In spite of the mixture of races the facts remain, however, that a child of foreign parents born and brought up in Argentina tends to grow up Argentine in sympathy and character, and that the second generation under normal circumstances will speak Spanish in preference to another tongue. Compulsory military service for all persons born in Argentina makes, of course, for the welding together of the nation, while the sense of wider scope and possibilities attracts settlers to the country and retains them there, even when their fortunes are made.

Patriotism is inculcated in the schools and in many obvious ways. National festivals are observed several times in the year. Anniversaries of national events or of national heroes are carefully commemorated; a procession of school children and youths is always a feature of each celebration.

Statues of national heroes are erected in abundance; in a new town where the streets are still impassable, the effigy of San Martin, the liberator and greatest of them all, may already be seen on his rearing horse. Streets are named after the fathers of the country, and the child who knows why the main streets of Buenos Aires bear their names will have a good idea of the hundred years of his national history. Sometimes, indeed, scarcely enough perspective is allowed, and the name of a temporary favorite has to give way for that of a later rival.

It is easy to criticise the Argentine desire to have the best of everything, the best horses and cattle and opera singers, the most costly furniture and equipages, the most sumptuous banquets, the most beautifully dressed women; but when this desire relates to public buildings, railways, permanent constructive work of all kinds, one can only admire this expression of conscious responsibility for the prestige and future of the country.

It is a mistake to assume, as European tourists are apt to do, that the Opera House and Jockey Club of Buenos Aires are the complete expression of all that Argentina stands for. Beyond Buenos Aires lie the wide spaces which have been won from barbarism and desert by courage and toil, and it is there that the strength and greatness of the country lie. It is possible that war would quicken this latent force, and certain that the process of welding the nation into one would be hastened by the common interest of war as it could be in no other way. In principle, Argentina must find herself in complete sympathy with the cause of the Allies; for financial reasons, however, she could not want war, and it is difficult to see what from a material point of view she would stand to gain by coming in. But her pride would be

touched to the quick by an insult offered to the blue and white flag she honors so much, and she would not wish to lag behind where Brazil has shown the way.

When one crosses the Andes, Europe recedes immeasurably. In summer it is possible to reach Santiago de Chile from Buenos Aires nominally in thirty-six hours, but in winter the Transandine Railway is often blocked with snow for many months together, and the sea voyage from Valparaiso to Europe takes between five and six weeks. Shut in between the immense wall of her mountains and the Pacific, with an average breadth of not much more than one hundred miles, and a total length of nearly three thousand miles, Chile has created and preserved a national type more easily than the Republics which have readier intercourse with Europe and which are disturbed by constant immigration. The mountains and the sea, never far distant, serve as a setting, as it were, to the whole of Chilian life.

The typical Chilian peasant is strong and reckless of danger, a hard fighter and a hard worker when he has a mind to be, a hard drinker, too, unfortunately, not overburdened with learning, but naturally intelligent. The Chilian is content with less than the Argentine, he is less self-conscious, less fond of display. Life in Chile is simpler, more homely, quieter than in Argentina. The opera, the shops, social entertainments, all are on a more modest, less formal scale. Great fortunes and private palaces are rather the exception: many prosperous Chilians live on their *fundos*, or farms, all the year round. The beautiful women of Santiago wear the graceful black *manto* in the mornings and for church. Convents and churches abound; the Chilian looks on his Church as his own national institution, and the Pope's representative was rudely

handled a few years ago when there was a question of diverting Church revenues to Rome.

One sure sign of the change of outlook on crossing the Andes is the diminished space given in the newspapers to European news. The *Jornal de Commercio* of Rio, the *Prensa* and *Nación* of Buenos Aires, all admirable newspapers, give many columns to foreign telegrams. The *Mercurio* of Santiago, good as it is, curtails its foreign news, and farther up the Pacific coast still less is to be found.

In Chile, as in Argentina, there is great variety of climate and scenery; the dreary rainless nitrate fields of the north, the fertile central valley with its vines and wheat, rows of poplars and many streams, the chain of lakes—surely one of the most beautiful regions in the world—with snow-capped cones of volcanoes above and wealth of semi-tropical forest down to the water's edge, the wild scenery of the Magellan Straits, and all dominated by the stupendous Cordillera, with its marvelous changes of scene and form and color.

It is in the southern region about the lakes that a considerable German colony has established itself. The hotels and shops of the little coast towns, the solid villas in their gardens ornamented with colored glass balls, the comfortable prosperous farms surrounded by barns and orchards, all are German. They have their own schools and clubs and communities. The earliest settlers—men of a superior stamp—came to Chile after the political troubles of 1848. They made their homes there, and the ties of their families are in Chile rather than in Germany. It is otherwise with later comers, the pushing business men of Santiago or Valparaiso or Valdivia. Their enterprise was already reaping its reward before the war. British steamers had given up calling at cer-

*tain ports and had given place to the German Kosmos line. The world will probably never know what part the Germany colony in Chile played in the tragedy that ended at sunset on November 1, 1914, off Coronel.

The Chilean army, like the Argentine army of admirable material, has been organized and trained by German officers, and many Chilean officers have been trained in Germany. The troops wear the *pickelhaube* and are taught with infinite trouble the celebrated *Marsch Parade*. Prince Henry of Prussia, when he reviewed them at Santiago in April, 1914, must have found the scene pleasantly familiar. From Santiago he went to Valparaíso, where he reviewed the German squadron—the *Leipzig*, the *Nürnberg*, and the rest—all of which now lie buried in the depths of the sea.

Even when German influence was apparently growing steadily stronger there were many Chileans who were anxious to emphasize the special sympathy they felt with English people and English ways. The Chilean who finds the foreigner *simpatico*—a word which is rightly used in South America to denote the quality most essential in social relations—admits him to his friendship with the greatest kindness and cordial warmth of heart. Gratitude to the memory of Lord Cochrane and O'Higgins for the part they took in the liberation of Chile was not yet outworn. The Chilean navy, built in British yards and trained, as it has been for years past, by British naval officers, is probably heart-whole in its sympathies with us.

Chile is considered among her sister Republics to be the most bellicose and aggressive of the South American family. As a result of the war that ended in 1891, Chile cut Bolivia off from her outlet to the Pacific and annexed from Peru the nitrate fields which were the main source of her

revenue. She is still credited by her neighbors with a certain arrogance, based on her naval supremacy in the Pacific and the reputation of her army, and with a desire for further rectification of frontiers to her own advantage.

There are, it would seem, no motives of self-interest which would induce Chile to enter the war. If she came in at all, it would be due to her wish not to part company with the other members of the so-called A.B.C. on the one hand, and because she felt she must be true to the principles of democracy on which her constitution is based.

Of the other Republics, Bolivia has, it is said, already broken off relations with Germany, although she, too, had brought German officers to organize her army; Peru, with her strong French sympathies—she had a mission of French officers with her army—has throughout been pro-Ally; Ecuador has her own frontier and internal questions to consider; Colombia is bound by ties of friendship to Chile, and she does not love the United States, for she has not forgotten Panama; while on the other side of the Cordillera, Paraguay—in her history one of the most interesting and in her scenery one of the most attractive of South American countries—though recently ruled by a president of German extraction, is too much occupied with her own woes to desire an active part elsewhere; Uruguay, wedged between her gigantic neighbors, Brazil and Argentina, proudly independent of both, will certainly resent any attempt to coerce her sympathies either way.

One word must be said about the Monroe Doctrine as it affects South America. When Colonel Roosevelt visited Chile in 1913, he was greeted with an oration from a fine old Chilean statesman, Don Marcial Marín, who

frankly told him that for the Republics of South America the Monroe Doctrine had no meaning and had ceased to exist. "That is as it may be," Colonel Roosevelt retorted, "but let a European nation tell us that the Monroe Doctrine is dead and she will have to reckon with the whole power of the United States." The general feeling towards the great sister Republic seemed to be a compound of jealousy, dread, and admiration.

To those who were living in South America three years ago and who watched the growing intercourse with North America—the frequent tours of inquiry, visits of representatives from great cities in the States—and who were aware all the time of the ceaseless, untiring efforts of Germany to gain ground, commercially, politically, socially, not in one, but in each of the Republics, it seemed a certainty that sooner or later the United States would be confronted with Germany as an open rival in South America, and that the Monroe Doctrine would then be put to the test of actuality.

As for ourselves, the British, we seemed to stand aside, content to let others take what they would. We do not pay our diplomatic and consular representatives well, and we do not always choose them well for South America. We are not skilful in the arts of propaganda; we are slow to learn languages, slow to adapt ourselves, careless of small opportunities. And yet throughout South America the individual Englishman is nearly always more liked, nearly always more respected, than his competitors. "Why does not your Government take a little more trouble with us?" was the question one heard first in one and then another Republic.

When the war is over, there will be thousands of our men who will not or cannot return to the life they led before. All cannot find openings in

British colonies. In many parts of South America there is a chance for a man who is not afraid of work and who wants new conditions of life. It is no Garden of Eden that he will enter. Droughts and floods and locusts, wind, dust, mud, isolation—each and all may have to be faced. But much of the pioneer work has been already done. Railways are creeping across Patagonia and across Brazil; it is possible now to travel by train from Rio to Montevideo, part of the way through country which was impenetrable forest till the railway came. Transport of produce will no longer be the supreme difficulty it was in early days.

It is easy to recall homes in many regions where the settlers had attained, if not riches, a sufficiency of everything, a degree of comfort and, above all, content. Among them stand out the Italian settlement near Neuquen, where a single year's irrigation had brought wonderful results, the red-roofed houses of the coffee-growing State of Sao Paulo, the long village of the German Colonia Hohenau in Paraguay, on the Alto Paraná, certain stock-raising farms in Central Chile, some Boer and Dutch households in the lake district on the Argentine side of the Andes, the homely comfort of a Scotch *estancia* by the head-waters of the Limay. It is perhaps the region about Lake Nahuelhuapi with its marvelous fertility, and Southern Chile with its temperate climate and pleasant conditions, possibly also the grazing lands of the Paraguayan Chaco and Matto Grosso, that seem to offer special attractions for English settlers.

These great countries need settlers; after the war they may make it easy for immigrants to take up land and to work it, but we must see to it that our men do not go out empty-handed. What a vast difference it would make

if the British settler knew that he was going, not to a neutral country, but to an Ally—one who had taken a share, whatever it might be, in the burden of the war; for assuredly now he who is not with us is against us.

A century ago South America broke off from Europe in order to gain her
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independence and to live her own life; it is possible that she may take her place in the Old World once more, in order to share in the defense of the free institutions she prizes so much. If she so decides, the moral effect will be great everywhere, not least perhaps on herself.

Ellinor F. B. Grogan.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SUBMARINE.

Although the development and final success of the submarine has been rendered possible only by the discoveries of recent years, the building of a ship to navigate beneath the surface of the sea is an old event. The invention dates back not much less than 300 years, to a time when the practical realization of the idea might seem impossible. For how build such a ship out of timber? And how propel it when no form of engine was available? Again, how dwell within it when death from suffocation must so very soon put an end to the voyage? It might appear as if there was no escape from these difficulties. And yet, in spite of all, the idea was made a reality by the genius of one forgotten man. Let us follow the clues which the writings of the seventeenth century extend to us in our search for the true and first inventor.

A small calf-bound volume, which shows not a little of the wear and tear of time and usage, lies before us. On the title page is the comprehensive title of the period:

Mathematical Magic; or the Wonders that may be performed by Mechanical Geometry. In Two Books. Concerning Mechanical { *Powers. Being one of*
Motions.

the most easy, pleasant, useful (and yet most neglected) parts of Mathematics. Not before treated of in this Language. By J. Wilkins, late Ld. Bp. of Chester.

London: Printed for Edw. Gellibrand at the Golden Ball in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1680.

Opposite the title-page appears!—*Effigies Reverendi admodum viri Johannis Wilkins nuper Episcopi Cestriensis;* beneath a portrait of the Bishop. He wears canonicals and the contemporary wig. It is a thoughtful, sensitive face. This man is not our looked-for inventor. But in his book are many strange thoughts on the submarine, and from it we learn to whom we must pay the tribute of discovery.

The time-stained leaves are filled with rude prints of impossible machines. The learned Bishop takes his reader in hand with all the enthusiasm of the dreamer. If we doubt, he appeals to the ancients, and authority is used to enforce the logic of his endless arithmetic. We have levers and pulleys and geared wheels multiplying effort to the uprooting of huge trees, the motive power being a gentle breeze issuing from the lips of a cloud-encircled head. Nay, he tells us how we may add up geared wheels to the point of moving the world itself. The only trouble is that the naughts accumulate to such an extent that the numbers become unreadable. Each time we count up the naughts we get a different result. The book is "a most easy, pleasant and useful" *reductio ad absurdum* of mechanical principles.

And yet John Wilkins (1614-1672) was no small man. In his day he ranked high as theologian and natural philosopher. He was one of the eight men who founded the Royal Society; and, it is said that, far more than any one of the other seven—Seth Ward, Robert Boyle, Sir W. Petty, John Wallis, Jonathan Goddard, Ralph Bathurst and Christopher Wren—our learned Bishop was the actual founder. It is most profitable to contemplate the writings of this man. They convey an idea of the scientific atmosphere of the times. Bear in mind that we are dealing with the thoughts of a prominent man in his day. Let us look at his pages a little closer. We arise from them with the predominant thought: "How did Newton escape all this?"

Here are learned comparisons of the Catapultæ of the ancients and "the gunpowder instruments now in use." Here we have the subtlety of an inquiry as to how we may contrive a machine which will move just as slowly as the heavenly bodies are swift. Through page after page of such ideas there runs that effort of the mind—which is never manifest but with the higher spirits, and is always pathetic—to get free from the limitations of the senses. "It is certain," he says, "that our senses are extremely disproportioned for comprehending the whole compass and latitude of things."

With such matters as pertain to the lever, the wedge, and the geared wheel, the first part of the book is occupied. The Second Book goes into more diversified problems. Here in the first chapter we have the "Wind Gun." This is nothing more or less than an air-gun. "The force of it in discharge is almost equal to our powder guns." And the Bishop ends his reflections on the subject by suggesting what is essentially a machine-gun! The sailing chariot follows.

Clocks—subject ever fascinating to the mechanician—come next, and we are told of a watch so minute "as to be contained in the form and quantity of a jewel for the ear, where the striking of the minutes may constantly whisper unto us, how our lives do slide away by a swift succession." Which is surely worthy even of Jeremy Taylor.

From these discourses we are led to the subject with which the present essay is chiefly concerned. For in Chapter V we are confronted with a disquisition, in many respects startling, on the possibilities of the submarine. But the Bishop makes no secret of the fact that the invention is none of his, but belongs to a yet earlier pioneer. Here are the heading and opening words of Chapter V:—

"Concerning the possibility of framing an Ark for Submarine navigation. The difficulties and conveniences of such a contrivance."

"It will not be altogether impertinent unto the discourse . . . to mention what *Marsennus* doth so largely and pleasantly descant upon, concerning the making of a ship, wherein men may safely swim under water.

"That such a contrivance is feasible and may be effected is beyond all question, because it hath been already experimented here in *England* by *Cornelius Drebbel*; but how to improve it unto public use and advantage, so as to be serviceable for remote voyages, the carrying of any considerable number of men, with provisions and commodities, would be of such excellent use as may deserve some further inquiry."

Two names are here mentioned in connection with the genesis of the submarine. We will first inquire into the part played by *Mersennus*.

F. Marini Mersenni was a French theologian and philosopher who was

born in 1588 and died in 1648. He started life with the disadvantage of humble birth, but he lived to be the author of many profound books. Finally he fell a victim to that ignorance of science which he spent his life in combating. An ignorant doctor, letting the blood of the philosopher, opened an artery instead of a vein; the result being death from exhaustion in a few days. In his will he left his body to the furtherance of medical science.

Of his many works one only concerns us: the *Cogitata Physico Mathematica*, which was printed in Paris in the year 1644. This treatise covers the whole ground of contemporary science, inclusive of music and navigation.

In that section of Mersenni's book which deals with navigation there is a sub-section entitled, *Navis sub aquis natans*. It is apparently written in entire ignorance of any prior work—experimental or conjectural—on the subject. It is entirely speculative. As we read it we find it difficult to escape the conclusion that Bishop Wilkins' couple of references to Mersenni are scarcely sufficient to satisfy the claims of literary morality. Without any notable exception, every idea put forward by the Bishop is to be found in the *Cogitata*. But let us be charitable. The earnest which the life of Wilkins gives of high thoughts and deeds, the esteem in which he was held by contemporaries whose names stand high even among the most venerated of his times, are sufficient reasons for discarding the first impression of plagiarism. Frailties, physical rather than moral, will account for such things. However, the reader must bear in mind when later in this essay he resumes the chapter penned by Wilkins, that the ideas are those of Marini Mersenni.

But it is time now to turn to the second name mentioned by Wilkins,

that of Cornelius Drebbel. Who was this man who is credited with actually making and working a submarine early in the seventeenth century? Cornelius Drebbel, we are informed by the "Dictionary of National Biography," was born in Alkmaar in Holland in the year 1572, of a family of good position. He seems to have begun life as an artist and engraver. In 1604 he came to England, probably with Constantin Huygens, father of the great mathematician, and himself a man of no small fame. In England Drebbel was taken into favor by James the First and given residence in Eltham House, near London—a royal residence long since demolished. These favors were in return for the many inventions presented to the King by the young Dutchman.

Among these inventions was a "perpetual motion" which won European fame, and which seems to have had a really long run for a thing of the kind. The Hon. Robert Boyle refers to it, and expresses his opinion that it was worked by a thermometer—that is, by the thermal changes of volume from day to day of some large volume of liquid or gas. And so it well might be, for the representation of this machine which survives shows the working parts—a sort of floating orrery—carried upon a pedestal capable of holding concealed a considerable volume of the working substance. Of course such a contrivance was no more perpetual motion than would be a wheel kept rotating by the winds or by the tides. Whether Boyle's conjecture is correct or not, we are sure that the thing was something in the nature of a trick.

Drebbel went to Prague at the invitation of the Emperor of Germany, Rudolph II, himself an ardent student and patron of science. He returned to England, probably in 1612, after the death of the Emperor. But being

appointed tutor to the son of the Emperor Ferdinand II, he again took up his residence in Prague. This was a responsible and honorable post, and sufficiently indicates the high status of Drebbel among his contemporaries. Unfortunately for Drebbel, the Thirty Years' War broke out, Prague was besieged and captured by the Elector Palatine, Frederic V, and the inventor was thrown into prison and ruined. James I of England, however, procured his release, and England remained thereafter his home till his death in 1634. He is mentioned as being present at the funeral of his august Master, and in later life it is recorded that he took charge of certain fire-ships sent by Buckingham against the besieged forces of La Rochelle. Again he is referred to as being concerned with a company formed to drain the fens of Eastern England.

There is no doubt that Drebbel enjoyed among his contemporaries a wide reputation for scientific attainments. He was, indeed, credited with much which he could not legitimately have claimed. He is, for instance, reputed with such control of the weather as to be able to produce rain and cold from the sky at his will. It is said that he on one occasion practised these powers to the confusion of his royal Master when the latter expressed some scepticism. It is certain that he discovered a valuable die and invented something of the nature of a mine or torpedo, which was operated by a new explosive. According to Pepys, Drebbel's son, many years later—in 1662—tried to induce the Admiralty to take up this invention. We may be sure, unsuccessfully.

Drebbel's standing among the men of science of his time sufficiently appears from the terms in which Robert Boyle speaks of him. Boyle lived among and with his contemporaries in a remarkable degree. He

held Drebbel in high esteem. He refers to him as a "deservedly famous mechanician and chymist." This should be ample vindication of the charge of charlatanism which is said to have been directed against him by some few of his contemporaries, for Boyle was both a wise and a just man.

The precise date of Drebbel's invention of a submarine boat is not forthcoming from surviving references to the subject. But we appear safe in concluding that it was between the years 1612, when he returned to England, after his first visit to Prague, and 1623. As regards the earlier limit: The Prince of Wurtemberg came to England in 1610 and inspected the "perpetual motion" machine. His secretary's account of the visit is extant. It refers to the perpetual motion, but says nothing about a submarine boat. So interesting a matter could hardly have been passed over if the boat had existed at the time. More especially is this probable in the light of the interest shown in Drebbel. Cornelius is thus described by the secretary of the Prince: "The inventor's name was Cornelius Trebel, a native of Alkmaar, a very fair and handsome man, and of very gentle manners, altogether different from such like characters."⁽¹⁾ As regards the later limit: Two letters are known, dated Dec. 21, 1622, written by the eminent French philosopher and antiquarian, Peiresc (1580-1637). Peiresc had shortly before quitted England, and now writes to his friends Camden and Selden as to the truth of the inventions of Cornelius Drubelsius, who is in the service of the King of Great Britain, and residing in a house near London. He refers to the perpetual motion, the submarine boat, and the telescope and microscope. The mention of the telescope and microscope refers undoubtedly to a belief, then current, that Drebbel

had invented these instruments. The truth seems to be that he merely brought them for the first time into England, from Holland. These letters fix the date of the invention of the submarine as prior to 1623.

We know little about the details of Drebbel's submarine boat. A Dutch writer—C. van der Woude—writes about Drebbel in 1645: "He built a ship in which one could row and navigate under water, from Westminster to Greenwich, the distance of two Dutch miles, even five or six miles, or as far as one pleased. In the boat a person could see under the surface of the water and without candle light as much as he needed to read in the Bible or any other book. Not long ago this remarkable ship was yet to be seen lying in the Thames or London river."

Of importance is the evidence of the Hon. Robert Boyle. In his "New Experiments Physico-Mechanicall" (Oxford, 1660) he mentions that Drebbel "is affirmed by more than a few credible persons to have contrived for the late learned King James, a vessel to go under water, of which tryal was made in the Thames with admired success, the vessel carrying twelve rowers besides passengers, one of which is yet alive, and related it to an excellent mathematician that informed me of it. Now that for which I mention this story is, that having had the curiosity and opportunity to make particular inquiries among the relations of Drebbel and especially of an ingenious Physician (Dr. Kuffler) that marry'd his daughter concerning the grounds upon which he conceived it feasible to make men unaccustomed to continue so long under water without suffocation, or (as the lastly mentioned person that went in the vessel affirms) without inconvenience, I was answered that Drebbel conceived, that 'tis not the whole body of the Air,

but a certain Quintessence (as Chymists speak) or spirituous part of it, that makes it fit for respiration, which being spent, the remaining grosser body or Carcase (if I may so call it) of the Air, is unable to cherish the vital flame residing in the heart; so that (for ought I could gather) besides the mechanical contrivance of his vessel, he had a chemycal liquor which he accounted the chief secret of his submarine navigation. For when from time to time he perceived that the finer and purer part of the Air was consumed or over-clogged by the respirations and steams of those that went in his ship, he would by unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, speedily restore to the troubled Air such a proportion of vital parts as would make it again for a good while fit for respiration, whether by dissipating or precipitating the grosser exhalations or by some other intelligible way I must not now stay to examine." Boyle then states that Drebbel kept the nature of the liquor a close secret, and justifies his own inquiry because of "the man and his invention being extraordinary."

Much of the foregoing information respecting Drebbel's submarine is to be found collected in W. B. Rye's "England as seen by Foreigners in the Days of Queen Elizabeth and James the First" (London, John Russell Smith, 1865). It leaves us with little doubt that, failing equally good evidence for some yet earlier candidate for the honor, we must adjudge Cornelius Drebbel the inventor of the submarine. He more especially claims this acknowledgment on the well-attested fact that he actually put the invention to the test of trial, and—for the times—successful trial. He may have got the idea from some previous writer. It is one which must come to the mind of a thoughtful man who looks out over the sea and reflects

on the life which freely moves therein: just as from remote times man yearned for the wings of the dove. But had anyone ever before the courage and skill to go down *into* the sea in a ship? True, the diving-bell appears to have been a yet earlier accomplishment. But we cannot regard the bell as anticipating the boat. The difficulties to be overcome in the construction of the bell are quite different and relatively trifling. We may not, indeed, assume that in all cases of invention the fact of accomplishment confers priority. But in the case which we are considering, the merit of successful trial so far exceeds the mere conception that our attitude undoubtedly satisfies the claims of equity. We must accordingly adjudge Cornelius Drebbel, the Dutchman, to be the inventor of the submarine.

Of the genius of Drebbel there can be no doubt. There is the repeated testimony of his wise and just contemporary, Robert Boyle. He writes of him: "It is certain that Drebbel, that great, singular, learned mechanician, did by help of this instrument (the thermometer) make a dial continually to move of itself regularly showing both the time of the day and the motions of the heavens." Boyle's endeavors to learn the chemical secrets of Drebbel is also testimony to his opinion of him. It was customary in those days to preserve secret new discoveries—more especially those of chemical nature. We see something of this even in the case of Newton's discoveries. It is said by Rye that Drebbel published little of value. He wrote on the nature of the elements a book which was reprinted in Dutch, in Latin, and in German. The book is very scarce. There is a portrait of Drebbel in some of the editions, revealing a head and face of rare power. Drebbel appears to have preserved his chief discoveries secret

—transmitting them, probably, as heirlooms.

We may well ask what were the chemical discoveries which enabled Drebbel to accomplish the feat of submarine navigation. It is quite certain that no closed vessel of reasonable dimensions could have contained sufficient air for the respiration of twelve hard-working men during a journey from Westminster to Greenwich, at the fastest pace we may ascribe to the vessel. Almost nothing as to the chemistry of the air was known at the time. It was a hundred and fifty years before the researches of Priestley and Lavoisier. And although Van Helmont (1577-1644) had got so far as to recognize the existence of different kinds of gas, he regarded air as an element, Hooke, in 1665, attempted a theory of combustion which approximated, although vaguely, to the facts. John Mayow, in 1681, published the conclusion that respiration and combustion are analogous phenomena. But these advances were not available to Drebbel. We can only suppose that, either by accident or by research, Drebbel had discovered the property of certain substances—*e.g.*, a solution of quicklime in water—of removing from respired air its poisonous properties. It is to be regretted that Boyle did not penetrate Drebbel's secret; but he leaves no doubt that Drebbel had divined the complex nature of the atmosphere, and had attained to an idea of what his liquor accomplished. That being so, we must accord Drebbel a high place among the pioneers of chemical science. The absorption of the carbon dioxide would have enabled the voyage to be much prolonged. Compressed air may have been carried. Pipes going to the surface, assisted by circulating fans or pumps, would of course, also have enabled the voyage to be accomplished. But if

this is the explanation, we must suppose Boyle to have been quite deceived, and the information given to him untruthful. As we shall presently see, Wilkins (that is to say, Mersenni) also discusses the difficulty of respiration in the submarine. He wrote at a later date, and there is reference to the supposed discovery, by a French diver, of a liquor potent to rejuvenate the air rendered poisonous by usage. It is plain that Drebbel's success in overcoming this difficulty was considered by his contemporaries as not the least remarkable part of his accomplishment.

As regards other details, the recapitulation of Mersenni's views contained in Bishop Wilkins' extraordinary book may help us. It is not improbable that some of the suggestions put forward had actually been carried out by Drebbel. Thus the method of propulsion was probably that described in the "Mathematical Magic." But in completing our interrupted extract from the Bishop's work we must not father on the great inventor of the submarine the absurdities of the philosopher.

The Bishop proceeds:—

"Concerning which there are two things chiefly considerable—

The { many difficulties with their
remedies.
great conveniences.

"The difficulties are generally reducible to these three heads.

"1. The letting out, or receiving in anything, as there shall be occasion, without the admission of water." This first difficulty is to be overcome thus: "Let there be certain leathern bags made of several bignesses . . . for the figure of them being long and open at both ends. Answerable to these let there be divers windows, or open places in the frame of the ship, round the sides of which one end of these bags may be fixed, the other end

coming within the ship being to open and shut as a purse. Now if we suppose this bag thus fastened to be tied close about towards the window, then anything that is to be sent out may be safely put into that end within the ship, which being again close shut, and the other end loosened, the thing may be safely sent out without the admission of water.

"So again, when anything is to be taken in, it must be first received into that part of the bag towards the window, which being (after the thing is within it) close tied about, the other end may then be safely opened. It is easy to conceive, how by this means any thing or person may be sent out, or received in, as there shall be occasion; how the water, which will perhaps by degrees leak into several parts, may be emptied out again, with divers the like advantages. Though if there should be any leak at the bottom of the vessel, yet very little water would get in, because no air could get out.

"2. The second difficulty in such an Ark will be the *motion* or *fixing* of it according to occasion; The *direction* of it to several places, as the voyage shall be designed, without which it would be very useless, if it were to remain only in one place, or were to remove only blindfold, without a certain direction; And the contrivance of this may seem very difficult, because these submarine Navigators will want the usual advantages of winds and tides for motion, and the sight of the heavens for direction.

"But these difficulties may be thus remedied; As for the *progressive* motion of it, this may be effected by the help of several Oars, which in the outward ends of them shall be like fins of a fish to contract and dilate. The passage where they are admitted into the ship being tied about with such leather bags (as were mentioned before) to keep out the water. It

will not be convenient perhaps that the motion in these voyages should be very swift, because of those observations and discoveries to be made at the bottom of the sea, which in a little space may abundantly recompense the slowness of its progress.

"If this Ark be so ballast as to be of equal weight with the like magnitude of water, it will then be easily moveable in any part of it.

"As for the *ascent* of it, this may be easily contrived, if there be some great weight at the bottom of the ship (being part of its ballast) which by some cord within may be loosened from it; As this weight is let lower, so will the ship ascend from it (if need be) to the very surface of the water; and again, as it is pulled close to the ship, so will it *descend*.

"For the *direction* of this Ark the Mariners' needle may be useful in respect of the *latitude* of places; and the course of this ship being more regular than others, by reason it is not subject to Tempests or unequal winds, may more certainly guide them in judging of the *longitude* of places.

"3. But the greatest difficulty of all will be this, how the air may be supplied for respiration. How constant fires may be kept in it for light and for the dressing of foods. . . . Eight cubic feet of air will not serve a Diver for respiration above one quarter of an hour: the breath which is often sucked in and out, being so corrupted by the mixture of vapors, that nature rejects it as unserviceable. Now in an hour a man will need at least 360 respirations, betwixt everyone of which there shall be ten second minutes, and consequently a great change and supply of air will be necessary for many persons and any long space." One way out of the difficulty is to make the vessel itself "of large capacity, that as the air in it is corrupted in one part, so it may be purified and renewed in

the other; or if the mere refrigeration of the air would fit it for breathing, this might be somewhat helped by bellows, which would cool it by motion." And we are further treated to the suggestion that "it is not altogether improbable" that the mere circulation of air around a lamp or fire maintained in the boat might serve to purify the air as in the "first and second Regions" (of the atmosphere). Finally, the Bishop refers to Mersennus for a reported discovery by "one Barrieus, a Diver," whereby a man "might easily continue under water for six hours together." From the discussion of this difficulty by Mersenni and Wilkins, it is evident that they knew nothing of Drebbel's methods of encountering it. We gather, too, from their remarks how intense was the prevailing ignorance on the subject of respiration, and how far in advance of his times was the inventor of the submarine.

But "the many advantages and conveniences of such a contrivance," as set forth by the Bishop and Mersenni, are the most extraordinary part of the whole matter. They are carefully enumerated as follows:—

"1. 'Tis private; a man may thus go to any coast of the world invisibly, without being discovered or prevented in his journey.

"2. 'Tis safe; from the uncertainty of *Tides* and the violence of *Tempests*, which do never move the sea above five or six paces deep. From *Pirates* and *Robbers* which do so infest other voyages; from ice and great frosts, which do so much endanger the passages towards the Poles.

"3. It may be of very great advantage against a Navy of enemies, who by this means may be undermined in the water and blown up.

"4. It may be of special use for the relief of any place that is besieged by water, to convey unto them invisible

supplies, and so likewise for the surprise of any place that is accessible by water.

"5. It may be of unspeakable benefit for submarine experiments and discoveries, as, The several proportions of swiftness betwixt the ascent of a bladder, cork, or any other light substance, in comparison to the descent of stones or lead. The deep caverns and subterraneous passages where the sea water in the course of its circulation doth vent itself into other places, and the like. The nature and kinds of fishes, the several arts of catching them, by alluring them with lights, by placing divers nets about the sides of this Vessel, shooting the greater sort of them with guns, which may be put out of the ships by the help of such bags as were mentioned before, with divers the like artifices and treacheries, which may be more successively (*sic*) practised by such who live so familiarly together. These fish may serve not only for food, but for fuel likewise, in respect of that oil which may be extracted from them; the way of dressing meat by lamps, being in many respects the most convenient for such a voyage.

"The many fresh springs that may probably be met with in the bottom of the sea, will serve for the supply of drink and other occasions.

"But above all, the discovery of submarine treasures is more especially considerable, not only in regard of what hath been drowned by wrecks, but the several precious things which grow there, as Pearl, Coral Mines, with innumerable other things of great value, which may be much more easily found out, and fetched up by the help of this, than by any other usual way of the Urinators (divers).

"To which purpose the great Vessel may have some lesser cabins tied about it, at various distances, wherein several persons, as Scouts, may be lodged for

the taking of observations, according as the Admiral shall direct them. Some of them being frequently sent up to the surface of the water, as there shall be occasion.

"All kinds of arts and manufactures may be exercised in this Vessel. The observations made by it may be both written, and (if need were) printed here likewise. Several colonies may thus inhabit, having their Children born and bred up without the knowledge of land, who could not choose but be amazed with strange conceits upon the discovery of this upper world."

Some part of this might be regarded as the lively wit of an amusing essayist. But there is nothing in the solemn Mersenni or learned Bishop Wilkins to suggest mere joking. The standpoint of seventeenth century science must be borne in mind. Authority and superstition still held dominion over such thinkers as Mersenni and Wilkins. They are so accustomed to accept mere hearsay that their world becomes filled with ideas the most grotesque, which pass for facts. The Bishop, indeed, introduces many of his statements without even the sanction of any indetifiable witness. Something is "storied" and forthwith becomes worthy to enter into the category of the possible or the probable. He is, for instance, endeavoring to establish the thesis that flying might become a possible human accomplishment if only it were sufficiently practised. This is how he backs up his theory: "And," he says, "it is storied of a certain young man, a *Sicilian* by birth, and a *diver* by profession, who had so continually used himself to the water, that he could not enjoy his health out of it. If at any time he stayed with his friends on the land, he should be so tormented with a pain in his stomach, that he was forced for his health to return back again to the

Sea, wherein he kept his usual residence; and when he saw any ship, his custom was to swim to them for relief, which kind of life he continued till he was an old man and died." This yarn is good enough to prop his argument! And there was no one to laugh at them. The lesser minds

Blackwood's Magazine.

were in still worse plight. To them the distinction between fable and fact was still more indefinite. Wilkins and Mersenni were learned men and stood far uplifted above their fellows; but still they had not risen clear of the mists and seen the light which today is shed even upon the humble in life.

J. Joly.

A JOB ON THE LONG FARM.

Tom Corrigan felt strange and somewhat scared as he stood at his grandmother's door looking down the steep little lane—"the boreen" she called it—a view of which her cabin commanded. He might well feel so, as he had lived for nearly eight years in a Dublin slum and for only one day and a half in Glencreevin, this valley of green small fields, with its sweeping circle of many-colored hills. They had just emerged into the sunshine of a clear-skied autumn morning, and the furling up of the moth-white mists was a novelty for Tom, accustomed to see day begin with a taking down of shutters from shop windows. Hitherto his experience of hills had been slight, and, as far as it went, unpleasant. Once, very early in his street life, he had from a canal-bridge desiered, undulating against the horizon, certain dim, grayish-blue shapes, that somehow impressed him rather awfully. "Come along with yourself out of that," he was bidden by his bigger companions, "what at all are you staring at over there?"

Pointing, "What's them?" he had inquired.

"Sure, what else would they be except the Dublin mountains in a fog?" he was informed.

"I was thinking," he said indiscreetly, "that they might be the waves of the sea." And the absurd speculation was long remembered against him.

Later on he had acquired a less unflattering notoriety in the character of newspaper-boy, for he possessed one of the most powerful voices in the profession, so that his shouts of "Evening Herald" reached across the whole spacious width of Sackville Street to mingle with those of his rival crying "Tiligraphs" on the opposite sidewalk. This career, however, had now been cut short by his family's departure to the United States in quest of fairer fortunes, and his widowed grandmother's offer to "take one off their hands, for a while anyway." Hence Tom's arrival in Glencreevin, where the widow said to herself she could find him plenty of jobs if he had the wit. And she had lost no time in finding him one on the Long Farm.

The Long Farm lies on the wrong side of all fences and boundaries. In width it varies from a meagre handsbreadth or so to quite an ample expanse of sward, and lengthwise it has neither known beginning nor end, thus meriting its name. It is in fact just the grazing along the margins of country roads and lanes. This use of it is indeed forbidden by law, but the small farming people find it so temptingly convenient that even if it were made strictly legal they would not discontinue the practice. Often the police have to be more than a little blind to the presence of straying animals. When a constable is extreme

to mark the roving of such a trespasser ulterior motives on his part are invariably suspected, and not invariably without cause.

By now, acting in the capacity of herd on the Long Farm, Tom was about to break the law doubly, as he should by rights have been attending school. If he had had any voice in the matter, perhaps he would not have played truant, for he had no special aversion from his studies, and would have felt more at home in a schoolroom than among those strange, lonely roads, burdened with the anxious charge of unfamiliar beasts. To his city-trained eyes there was something quite alarming about the aspect of the lane with nobody in sight. He had a vague impression that "the pólis" must be in some way accountable for it.

But his grandmother had not consulted him at all. She was an elderly woman, who in purblindness of outlook and love of the moment's ease matched with any ancient Athenian citizen ever subjected to Demosthenes' rebuke. And the immediate convenience of a boy to keep an eye on the poor cow that hadn't a blade of grass left up in the little field would have seemed to Mrs. Corrigan a complete justification of her improvident policy, apart from the fact that she looked on the pursuit of learning in general as time wasted over what she called "oud thrash." Apprehensions of possible visits from the attendance inspector perturbed her slightly; about her grandson's illiterate future she was not troubled in the least.

Starting him off down the boreen she recapitulated some of her many injunctions: "Just let Sheeda traipess along with herself easy, and be picking her bit. But turn her out of any open gate you might go by. And don't for your life let her get down into a ditch, or she'll very likely break her

leg on us. If you meet e'er a constable you can be shoo-shooing her, and letting on you're driving her somewhere." At this point of his instructions Tom nodded understandingly; not in vain had he dodged the Dublin Metropolitan Police Force ever since he was steady on his feet. "As for the little goats," his grandmother continued, "they'll be no bother to you; well hobbled they are, and can't contrive any harm. So troop off with them now like a good child, and I'll be fetching you home towards dinner time."

Sheeda, a red cow, placid though uncomfortably lean, led the way at a leisurely pace, and the two smoke-colored goats, much impeded by their bonds, pattered after her fitfully. To the end of the boreen and round the corner into a wider lane Tom followed them without misadventure. He marveled greatly at the tall hedges, where frost-touched bracken lit fronded fire beneath, with above it bright leaves and berries and rose-hips and haws, to make the interlaced twigs seem full of glowing embers and sparks and little scarlet flames. A few samples snatched in haste, for he dared but briefly take his eyes off his charges, showed him the sweetness of the really black blackberries, and the harsh sourness of those that were still red or green. "Och the ugly stuff," he spluttered, as his visage slowly unscrewed itself from its wry grimace. "I never got the like of that up in Dublin, I can tell you, not if it was a big lump of a hard gooseberry, fit to break every tooth out of your head," he said, addressing the cow for want of company. But she stepped on her way with a stolid saunter, and gave him no encouragement to keep up the conversation.

Presently they came where, near a cross-roads, there was a good-sized, three-cornered patch of grass. A

white cow was grazing on it, and under a neighboring furze-bush sat a small blue-frocked girl of about Tom's age. Here Sheeda paused in her leisurely stroll, and began to munch with a steadiness which betokened that she would not soon move on again. Now for some time past the two goats, despite his grandmother's promise on their behalf, had been causing Tom serious concern. Their plight appeared to him extremely pitiable. Not only were their legs hobbled with hay-ropes, but each beast was fastened to the other by its neck in close and most reluctant companionship. The younger and livelier goat constantly struggled to break away, and they dragged one another to and fro in a really distressful manner. Commiseration, edged by the consciousness of a new knife in his pocket, made Tom wish eagerly to release them, an opportunity for doing which was given by this halt. As he fumbled at their fastenings the little girl came over the grass and stood looking on.

"What are you at with them?" she inquired.

"About sundering them I am," he said. "They do be choking themselves tugging and pulling."

"Playing the mischief on you they'll be if you do that," she said warningly.

Implied advice from a contemporary, and a girl at that, seemed to Tom an altogether unacceptable form of a thing he was never loth to refuse. So he simply ignored her remark. For although his tongue did just then shoot out a long way, we may suppose it merely an automatic action, due to his difficulty in severing the toughly twisted strands with his blunt and tinny blade. The little girl withdrew, nor offered him any further counsel; but she was to see her prediction speedily fulfilled. No sooner did the young goat find itself at liberty than it sped like a well-aimed dart up a

stony cart-track climbing the steep hillside at right angles with the road. Having lost a few seconds in staring aghast Tom gave headlong chase, and as he ran off called, oblivious of his snub, upon Miss Sibyl-Cassandra to be looking after the cow.

He might as well have chased a gust of wind for any chance he had of catching it up and laying hands on it. When after a long interval he returned to the grass-plot the two cows indeed and the little girl were still there, but not a goat was in sight. "They've both went and gone on me now, I suppose," he said to himself dismayed. But the little girl reported a still more serious state of affairs.

"You'll be killed alive when Widdy Corrigan gets hold of you," she remarked cheerfully. "If it's the goats you're looking for yet, Mrs. O'Rourke up the road there's after getting the two of them in her garden a while ago. They have most of her cabbages ate, and they knocked down a plant in a pot that she had growing for a prize at the show; and one of them's swallied the sleeve of a good flannel shirt she was drying on the hedge. Raging she is. And there she is this minute speaking to Widdy Corrigan at the corner of the lane."

Clearly their shrill discourse was nowise amicable. Mrs. O'Rourke's threats of complaining to the police and taking out summonses for trespass were in fact with difficulty turned aside by Mrs. Corrigan's frank admission that her grandson was the most ignorant little spalpeen in Ireland, with no more sense in his head than a boiled turnip, and her vows that never again would she trust him with the minding of so much as a lame chicken.

This was quite sincerely her opinion of Tom's mental powers. "Sure any infant child," she said to herself afterwards, "might know better than to be meddling with the ropes on a

goat." She had been so used to these animals all the days of her life that she was quite incapable of imagining Tom's complete unfamiliarity with their habits. Failing to account for
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his conduct by mere ignorance she drew the inference that "he must be a born fool," and her conclusion was: "I'll pack him off to school tomorrow. Sorrow aught else he's fit for."

Jane Barlow.

DICKENS AS A MASTER OF WORDS.

It is interesting to the Dickensian to note that our great Victorian novelist is fully recognized as an authority on words by our modern makers of English dictionaries. There are a large number of quotations from him in the Century Dictionary, for instance, and by no means a few in that *Magnum Opus* of a Dictionary, which was the life's work of the late Sir James Murray, and which, owing to his death, will have to be completed by other hands.

How many actual words Dickens had at his command I am unable to say, but certainly, one thinks, as novelists go, a pretty large number. No novelist, of course, can hope to vie with the poets in this respect, unless, indeed, he happens to be a poet himself. Whereas Shakespeare had a vocabulary of fifteen thousand different words, and Milton one of eight thousand such, your modern English novelist at his best is stated roughly to use about four thousand, while your common or garden novelist—either the gentleman who spins out a few hundred pages of the regular stuff about two men and a woman, or the gentleman who piles sensation on sensation and is continually being "continued in our next"—worries along, for the most part, with a beggarly two thousand.

Dickens's vocabulary was certainly copious. Not only every word of current speech he had ever read or heard uttered, but every word, too, used in an uncommon, particular,

and peculiar way, seems to have reposed in his memory to be called up for service at the right moment. He had no use for recondite words, exotic words, words flowering in the hot-houses of literary forcers such as R. L. Stevenson, a delighter in terms rare as strawberries in March. Your really popular author cannot afford to write even a shade above the heads of the big public. The honest, time-honored phraseology of the poets left some mark upon Dickens's most literary passages, but it was all natural with him; there was no searching of dictionaries for bizarre and out-of-the-way epithets. Though at times he piled adjective on adjective, they were thoroughly sound, straightforward, respectable adjectives; one and all privates in an army with no need to carry hidden discs of identification. Peculiarly rich was Dickens, one thinks, in the idioms of common speech, strange nuances of expression that made for a vigorous colloquialism in dialogue; rich again in terms defining the whole medley of concrete objects that help to make everyday life what it is. He knew the right name of everything of that sort, and exactly appraised the distinction between it and something a little bit different. Not that a show of technical terms in the Kipling style was in his line at all, but he had that happy knack of always hitting the right nail with the right word that, apart from all else, makes his works a storehouse of information, odd, quaint, and

curious, for future generations. The title of his periodical exactly hits off his philological genius. He was, before all, the supreme master of "Household Words."

Apart from proper names, Dickens was not much given to coining words of his own, after the fashion of some authors, who, either out of the fullness of their fancy, or because the right word in current use eludes them at the moment, strike out in a flash some vivid, original term that may, or may not, pass into literary parlance. The correct term in common usage sprang as a rule too readily to the point of Dickens's pen for that. Still, there may be a few exceptions, quaint inventions of the moment to express a nice shade of meaning for which there was no existent word. For instance Murray gives no other authority than Dickens for the word "Maudlinism." "Mr. Benjamin Allen had perhaps a greater predisposition to maudlinism than he had ever known before." But it would be rash to assume, perhaps, that there is no earlier example of it. There seems more certainty of the compound term "dinner-furniture" being original. Of Twemlow, in *Our Mutual Friend*, he wrote, "An innocent piece of dinner-furniture that went upon easy castors." One imagines it a spontaneous invention.

As we might expect, dining and the table, food and drink in general, provide us with not a few Dickensian quotations. Here are some such from Murray with the word illustrated in each case in italics. "I had hoped . . . to have seen you three gentlemen . . . with your legs under the *mahogany* in my humble parlor," from the *Old Curiosity Shop*. Also from the same book, "White table-cloth and *cruet-stand* complete." "The table-cloth and spoons, and *castors*," from *All the Year Round*. "A dinner-

napkin will not go into a tumbler," from *Great Expectations*. "Mrs. Pipchin made a special repast of *mutton-chops*," from *Dombey*. "For it would seem that *Purl* must be taken early," from *Our Mutual Friend*. "A dish of walnuts and a *decanter* of rich-colored sherry are placed upon the table," from *Edwin Drood*.

Another class of word for which Murray frequently quotes Dickens as authority is the one of colloquial or slangy nature. "'Here's a *lark*,' shouted half a dozen hackney-coachmen." "Mr. Lumbeey shook his head with great solemnity as though to imply that he supposed she must have been rather a *dazzler*." "I'll play *Old Gooseberry* with the office, and make you glad to buy me out at a good high figure." "'Now listen, you young *limb*,' whispered Sikes." "I should have given him a *rattler* for himself, if Mrs. Boffin hadn't thrown herself betwixt us." "Jack Dawkins—*lummy Jack*." "I'm *jiggered* if I don't see you home." "Some of the richest sort you ever *lushed*." "It can't be worth a *mag* to him." "'He is so *jolly green*,' said Charlie." And many more of the same sort.

Slang is a thing, of course, in a continual state of flux. Many terms spring up to enjoy a butterfly existence, have their little day, linger, and die out. Some of the quaint expressions in Dickens that the casual reader might be disposed to look on as original, are really pieces of forgotten slang. Dick Swiveller's "modest quenecher" is a case in point. There are other terms, however, that have a harder life. Some of these, indeed, seem astonishingly old; have perhaps dropped out of sight for a time and then bobbed up again serenely, because the race can't get on without them. We all know how "I don't think" is to be found in *Martin Chuzzlewit* and Mr. Asquith's "Wait

and see" in *Dombey*. But take the common expression "Rather" as an intensified affirmative. It has been a good deal to the fore this last twenty years or so, but who would imagine that it went back much beyond that? Not many, I think. Yet such is the case. Murray is able to give a quotation for it from the *Sketches by Boz*: "'Do you know the mayor's house?' 'Rather,' replied the boots significantly." One wonders how old it is.

Of all the slang words in Dickens, there is probably none less known than "gonoph," or "gonof," as it is sometimes written, which Murray gives simply as meaning "pickpocket." Hotten attaches the meaning "expert thief" to it, a "master hand" at the game. One of the more recent slang dictionaries gives it also a simpler, and apparently older, meaning of "young fool or lout." The precise significance that Dickens attached to it seems a little uncertain, but personally I lean to the simpler sense. "He's as obstinate a young *gonoph* as I know," says the policeman in *Bleak House* of poor Jo. Oddly enough for Murray, he gives no earlier quotation for the use of it than this, yet the Slang Dictionaries assure us the word is centuries old. In Ket's Rebellion in the reign of Edward VI, a song was sung by the insurgents containing it.

The country gnoffes, Hob, Dick,
and Hick,
With clubbes and clouted shoon.

A derivative from "gonoph" is "gun" common slang term for "thief," "rascal," "beggar," and doubtless a new term "gunner" (unknown to Murray or the Slang Dictionaries) is a near relation. I glean this last word from a short, humorous article in the "Daily Mail" of last August: "a passing party of four Piccadilly 'gunners'—sporting fellows who can play a hand of cards with the best and

never lose." "Magsman" is another thief's term for which we find a Dickens quotation. "Tally-ho Thompson was a famous horse-stealer, couper, and magsman." There is no quotation for "lumper" (river-thief), but I think the word occurs in the *Reprinted Pieces*. Several thieves' terms are to be found of course in *Oliver Twist*, such as "lifer, lagged, fence, wipe, sneeze-box," etc., some of them providing Murray with examples.

There is some suggestion of humor involved in the genesis of many slang terms: what actual brain gives them to the world is very rarely known—they just eventuate; but Brevity and Joy may be said to stand to them as kindly God-parents. Such being the case, they could not help but appeal to Dickens, who, without the least dragging them in, garners them into his works with an air of evident enjoyment. Perhaps a passage quoted by Murray from *Great Expectations* gives us the word—though this is hardly slang—which comes nearest to being funny in itself: "Are infants to be *nut-crackered* into their tombs?"

Peculiar usages of certain words make up another class for which Murray quotes Dickens. "Natural," for instance, used as a substantive, is quoted from *Barnaby Rudge*, John Willet applying that term to the hero. Again, "Native" as a substantive implying man of color gives us a quotation referring to Major Bagstock's unhappy menial. As an example of terse, uncommon, idiomatic phrases, this may be quoted from *Great Expectations*, "I am rather bare here, but I hope you'll be able to *make out* tolerably well till Monday." And this from *Our Mutual Friend*, "Bob *get ye down* to your supper."

We should hardly expect to find Dickens quoted as an authority on dialect, but there is at any rate, one such example: "'We have had a *mort*

of talk, sir,' said Mr. Peggotty to me." "Gormed," however, Mr. Peggotty's favorite expression is unknown to Murray. One slang dictionary rakes up rather a suspicious pretense to its acquaintance.

Occasionally, we don't find a Dickensian quotation where we might reasonably expect one. For instance, neither under "lone," nor "lorn," is there any Gummidian reference. There is under "lorn," however, a quotation from Thomas Hardy, which rather seems an echo of the lady who thought so much upon the "old 'un":—"She might be despised by my lord's circle, and left lone and lorn."

Some other Dickensian quotations in Murray are: "The favorite *laying-place* of several discreet hens"; "*Saving* in the country, I seldom go out after dark"; "From a gaudy blue to a faint *lack-lustre* shade of gray"; "Railways journals in the windows of its *newsmen*"; "A little time, a little water brought him out of his *daze*"; "The mincing vanities and *giddinesses* of empty-headed girls"; "Meanwhile the dog in disgrace *ground* hard at the organ"; "I'm a heavy *grubber*, dear boy,' he said as a polite kind of apology when he had made an end of his meal"; "A *chubby* street-door knocker, half-lion, half-monkey"; "She made a grab at Tinkler, and she *ram-paged* out"; "Mr. Tuggs attended to the grocery department, Mrs. Tuggs to the *cheesemongery*"; "Why argue?" returned Mr. Inspector in a *comfortable* sort of remonstrance"; "The brown paper parcel had '*come untied*'"; "It blows great *guns* indeed"; "The college musters in full force from the biggest *guns* to the smallest." Terms for the most part slightly unusual, or used in an unusual way.

It is not too much to say that on the whole, Dickens is a splendid fount of pure, honest, good, nervous, vivid and vigorous English. His words are

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ever intensely British: as British as the whiskers of the eating-house waiters of his period, as intensely British as a Ham Sandwich or an Underdone Beefsteak. There is absolutely nothing kickshaw about them. (What did not Mr. Sapsea lose by not reading his Dickens as I fear he didn't?) Fond of the French people as he was, he never sought to gild his style by the introduction of foreign phrases. In *Little Dorrit*, where the ordinary novelist would have made use of the word "*trousseau*" in respect to Fanny's wedding, Dickens refrained.

Perhaps it was this ultra-Britishness that made him tack a pure colloquialism onto one of his novels as title. *Our Mutual Friend* is not strictly defensible as a piece of grammar, but as a bit of idiom racy of the soil, an instant appeal to the heart of Cockneydom, something at once both picturesque and middleclassy; it is distinctly great. A "find" it certainly was. For say what you will, it cheers one. Warms one. Refreshes one. Dickens's instinct in the matter was as true as a die.

Murray has quite a wise little paragraph on this use of "Mutual," as follows:—

"Commonly censured as incorrect, but still often used in the collocations mutual friend, mutual acquaintance, on account of the ambiguity of *common*, which is the only adjective correctly expressing the intended meaning. Expressions like *mutual* father, *mutual* child, formerly not uncommon, would now seem strange."

From the names of Dickens characters, Murray has derived quite a number of interesting words to eke out his scarcely scanty store of a quarter of a million odd. None is better known perhaps, than "Bumbledom," for it has figured in many a vehement newspaper leader. Pickwick gives us the dapper "Pickwickian. Pickwick-

ianism, Pickwickianly." From Pecksniff, we get "Pecksniffery, Pecksniffism, Pecksniffian," and "Pecksniffianism" the last a splendid mouthful for denunciatory purpose. From Gamp, which figures in itself as a recognized term for an umbrella of a
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blear-eyed and bulgy order, we derive "Gampish" and "Gampishness."

Dickens's own name gives us "Dickensian, Dickensesque, Dickensism, Dickensque, Dickensy, Dickeny," but thank the Lord, no "Dickensonian." Let all note that Murray knows not the term.

Willoughby Matchell.

THE WORLD WAR AND THE SMALL STATES.*

Public discussion of questions of foreign policy has been very rare in our country during the war. Public opinion on these matters has, with some few exceptions, been rather silent. Apparently, the great principles of the gigantic collision, as well as the origin of the war, have been forgotten. The thought about the aim of the war, and the coming peace terms and their importance for the future of the peoples, and the understanding especially of the vital interests of the small countries involved in the victory or defeat of one or other of the belligerent Powers during this war, have equally seldom found expression. The daily reports about the cruelties and miseries of the war seem to have blunted many people's power of seeing the broad lines and of realizing that the existence of the small States, or their independence and safety, *after* the war will depend upon which ideals and principles are victorious.

In the fatal days of August, 1914, these ideals and principles were brought clearly into the limelight. The despised "mercenary spirit" of peace policy was contrasted with the arrogance which hungered for military triumphs. The principles of justice were stifled by the lust of power, the ideals of liberty by those of subjugation and violence. The respect for a

plighted word was trampled in the dust. The beginning of this war cast a dark shadow before it. It appeared to ring the death-knell of the small nations, and nobody yet knows if its warning will come true.

The basis of the safety of small nations is international morality and the inviolability of treaties. In the years immediately preceding the war, there had been a marked tendency to avoid conflict by submitting international differences to mediation and arbitration. The free States of North America took the lead in it. The small countries, Norway included, were anxious to follow this lead. Arbitration treaties increased in number and in scope. The small countries knew that their military power was a frail defense against the great ones. If the spirit which tore up the Belgian treaty of neutrality and sent the invading armies into Belgium, should become victorious in this war, then the work to assure mediation and arbitration by treaties hereafter would become a mockery without weight or value. The war has become a trial of strength also in this matter. None of the war-waging Powers need be crushed in order that this spirit shall be crushed in the policy of the civilized world. The wrong which was done by the invasion of Belgium did not attain its goal. France was not crushed. Paris was not conquered. But the sense of justice of all peoples was

*This article is appearing in the Norwegian monthly, *Samtiden*.

violated and the moral forces of the whole world were challenged—forces that, in the long run, are a greater power than militarism understands. The wrongdoer's own conscience is, in reality, also burdened by them. When the German people realizes that the attack on Belgium was not only, as the Chancellor expressed it, a wrong but also a blunder—which wrong always is—then this episode will become an important part of the inner settling of account which comes to be made by the German people.

The treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium was a European interest, an important factor in the "Balance of Europe." It was, to a special degree, an English interest. It is a dogma of the British people that the Belgian coast in the hands of another Great Power would be a direct sally-port against England. Through centuries it has been a cornerstone of British policy to prevent any great military Power getting a firm footing in Belgium. When the German armies flooded Belgium, England had accordingly to resist them. The most primitive knowledge of European history and English tradition must make this obvious. Merely for this consideration the German surprise and bitterness at the interference of England in the war after the invasion of the Belgian frontier becomes rather incomprehensible. But the breach of treaty had, in Great Britain, an immediate moral effect of the greatest importance. It roused a public feeling which made the statesmen of England able—nay, forced them at once—to throw the British Empire into the war. In the long run, England would not have been able to keep outside a war when the issue at stake was whether France should be crushed and disappear as a Great Power. But so strong was the will for peace in the great majority of the English people,

specially within the ruling Left Parties, and in the Liberal Government, that it would have taken some time before England, out of regard to France, would have thrown herself into a world war. England cannot declare war without the consent of Parliament, but the invasion of Belgium, contrary to an agreement, which England as well as Germany (Prussia) had guaranteed, came as a shock to the heart of the people; the sentiment of the nation, its moral indignation rose spontaneously and violently, and transformed, in the course of one single day, a vacillating and divided Parliament to a practically unanimous organ for the demand of an immediate declaration of war. Even the City of London was carried away: the day before the German troops crossed the Belgian frontier, it stood for peace; the day after, it demanded, with one voice, that England should resist this breach of treaty with all forcible means.

Germany has herself asserted as her strongest reason for drawing the sword that she did not possess "the place in the sun" which was due to her. What does that mean? No people in Europe, hardly any in the world's history, has in the course of one generation gained such expansion of power and influence, such a growth in the application of science, in technique, in production, and prosperity as the German Empire. When Germany would not let herself be satisfied with this, the question arose: Did she want to carry her world policy by force of arms? Did she want to win political world-power by military superiority? Did she want to build her dominion on bayonets, on the triumphs of war, and command by the terrifying of the beaten and the weak? She would in that case let her fate be decided by false sentiment, and not by a modern statesman's view. An arrogant romanticism nourished by the great

victories of the years 1860-70 became ingrafted in the whole German people. With such arrogance a people may themselves break off their peaceful progress towards the first "place in the sun."

The military politicians who provoked this war failed to understand the importance of the moral values of each independent people, be it small or great. Accordingly, they broke, with no thought of the moral effect, the Treaty of Belgium, and flooded the little country. She had only a handful of soldiers for her defense. Accordingly they calculated that England, even after this, would keep outside the war. Accordingly they made themselves guilty in the miscalculation that the English world-empire would break down during the war. They did not understand the ties which bind this immense realm together. They saw that England neither had bureaucracy nor militarism to keep the colonies and the natives in subjugation. They did not understand that England's free institutions, her great traditions, her confidence in popular government, and her liberal system are ties which bind more firmly than officialdom and military power. Thence came the great disappointment, that all the great and small crown lands and colonies eagerly rushed to the help of the mother country. The Western Powers, England, and France, have been the stronghold of civil freedom in Europe.

It was, and is, old English politics to protect Europe's small nations, and it is specially of vital interest to England that the small States along the North Sea shall maintain their independence and integrity. Europe's commerce and shipping and free communication in all parts of the world and in all seas, are the basis of her prosperity; her powerful Navy has

for its aim only to protect these interests and the widely-scattered parts of the British world-empire, as well as the island itself. *England's sea power has not been abused. England has carried on the open door policy. She is the only Great Power which has maintained Free Trade she has kept the oceans and her own markets under the law of free competition. She has maintained the freedom of the seas.*

The blockade policy of the belligerents has not prevented the income of the neutral countries from increasing during the war, but the gain has only profited a minority of the population. The increase in the prices of most goods produced by the war, and especially the great demand for tonnage with the rise of freights, has, on the other hand, increased the prices of necessities, so that a great part of our Norwegian people has suffered from the dear times. The same is the case in the other northern countries. But, after all, the economic prospect of these countries was at the end of 1916 less dark than many had feared. Now that there is danger of a change in this respect and a stoppage of the supplies of our vital necessities is threatened, we ought to be quite clear about the reasons for it. Before the intensified German submarine war was proclaimed the supplies to our country of goods for home consumption went on unhindered in the main by the blockade of the belligerents. By special agreements England had besides tried to secure that goods which were imported to Norway should not be used for the production of Norwegian goods to be exported to the enemies of England. It was, as is known, the breach of these agreements—as asserted by England and denied by Norway—that caused the very injurious "coal prohibition" in January-February, 1917. Apart from this prohibition, Norway has

had from England during the whole time of the war all the coal she has needed. It has not been a one-sided favor. The great Norwegian mercantile fleet and Norwegian timber, especially for the English coal mines, have given high value to England in return. Neither did the German U-boat war, before the last sharpening of it, tend to hinder imports to the neutral countries for their own need. Only as an exception were neutral ships sunk when carrying cargo or goods for home consumption. On the other hand, the obligation of not exposing human lives to danger, recognized on all sides, was repeatedly broken. Tragedies of the most shocking character have happened in this U-boat war at sea and sometimes terrible catastrophes. Not even women and children have escaped these horrors.

All neutral countries have lodged protests against this warfare as contrary to all international and human laws. It seems in its application to be directed chiefly against the neutrals. The small neutral countries did not follow the invitation of North America to join her policy. Their geographical situation and their small means of defense explain their utmost endeavor to keep outside this horrible war, and they must suffer outrages which a great Power will not submit to.

It is a fair demand that the Allies in their command of the seas shall take this into consideration. The Powers that vindicate the rights of the small

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nations will not wish to increase the burdens of the small nations. Their task must be to prevent the U-boat war from punishing the neutrals because they continue to ply the seas as before. The Norwegian sailors have shown a heroism which must rouse admiration from all seafaring nations. They have maintained the respect for our country in a depressing and bitter time. If they risk their lives to provide their own country with what it needs, this must also be respected, and Norway's own ships must, above all, be allowed to serve this need without being subjected to conditions of any kind.

The world which will arise from the immense sacrifice of this war will be different from that which nearly three years ago was cast into the furnace. What is the new world which will come out of it?

The longing of all nations is for peace—the longing of the belligerents, as well as of the neutrals. Before this war Europe was an armed camp. Shall there now come a peace which opens a way to the same policy of rival armaments and still worse militarism, a new war still more formidable?—a peace which creates a new arrogance, a peace which proclaims that might is above right, and which teaches the nations the lesson that history forgives any crime which succeeds? Such a peace would not make a repetition impossible of the fateful events of July and August, 1914. It would only be an armistice.

Johan Castberg.

THE MESOPOTAMIAN REPORT.

The Mesopotamian Report, which is intensely painful if salutary reading, shows in the event the great strength as well as the glaring weakness of

British administrators. For when we have mastered the complicated record of divided control, blind ignorance, big-headed haughtiness, and their se-

quel of such a tale of human suffering as has seldom been equaled even in distant campaigns, we have to reflect that the conditions described have been absolutely swept away so far as the Mesopotamian campaign is concerned. The appallingly defective medical service has given place to ample and scientific arrangements; the War Office with firmness and success has taken the control of the Mesopotamian expedition out of the faltering hands of the Government of India; not one of those officers or officials who are censured in any serious degree for the early catastrophes of the campaign remains to repeat his failure on the spot. We Englishmen are slow starters, but we improve as we go on, and we end generally with more dash than our opponents. We say this, not in any way in mitigation of judgment, or in condonation of the dangerous doctrine of "muddling through," but simply to point out that, as the Mesopotamian Report refers to a past order of things in the field, there is no need or excuse now for that sort of public recrimination which would impede the conduct of the war. There must be no exhausting digressions. The publication of the Report at this time will be justified in the exact degree in which it enables us to avoid the mistakes it discloses. For our part, we think the public may be trusted to use it wisely. In that belief we welcome it. It is written with high courage and an obvious desire to be impartial. It is a singularly honest piece of work.

If we ourselves had written the conclusions, we should have been inclined to lay proportionately more blame on the utterly mistaken system of military administration in India—which dates back to 1905—than on individual officers. At the same time, we do not detect in the tone of the Report the least desire to save one

group of persons by making scapegoats of another group. That familiar offense—it would be a peculiarly odious offense in time of war—is absent here. The distribution of blame serves no prejudices. It may be said that in war the individual should always be blamed more than the system, for in war no man is fit for a responsible position unless he can rise above the circumstances of his time and place. But there are some systems of administration which would thwart the efforts of the very ablest brains, and if the man nominally in supreme command of the system has found that it is his master and not his servant, he is apt to reconcile himself to confusion and impotence. We take the military administrative system in India, as it has been since 1905, to be of that kind. No single man could do all that is required of the Commander-in-Chief under that system. It is one of the most complete designs of over-centralization ever invented. We can well believe that many soldiers could have done far better than Sir Beauchamp Duff. His achievement was a lamentably poor one, but we shall not learn the lessons best worth learning if we fail to look to the origins of error in the zest of hunting individuals. It will be remembered that in 1905 Lord Kitchener, who was then Commander-in-Chief in India, desired that the duties of the Military Member of the Council should be merged in those of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Curzon, who was Viceroy, resisted, pointing out that an excessive burden would be placed on the Commander-in-Chief, and above all arguing that the military element would become predominant. The Commander-in-Chief would be independent; the link between his office and the Viceroy's Council would be broken; the ancient balance would be upset. To take an analogy, Lord Kitchener's

proposal was as though a Commander-in-Chief here should propose the abolition of the office of Secretary for War—the civilian official responsible to Parliament for the interpretation and presentation of military affairs to the nation. The significance of the dispute between Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener was not generally understood here. The Government of the day chose to support Lord Kitchener, who had all the repute of a brilliant soldier engaged on a great act of military reform, and Lord Curzon resigned. One of the important deductions to be made from the Mesopotamian Report is that even purely military ends are not served by making soldiers independent of control and responsible for excessive burdens. The balances of democratic or quasi-democratic administrations are very wise and sane. You cannot upset them without injuring the very causes you may wish to advance. Implicit in the Mesopotamian Report is a very remarkable vindication of the attitude which Lord Curzon took up in 1905. Writing on September 2d, 1905, we said of Lord Kitchener's scheme:—

It is a most serious change, a revolution in truth, and one which we do not hesitate to say ought not to have been made without the previous consent of Parliament. . . . The Government did not understand the character of the far-reaching change they were approving. But the absence of insight in ruler; as to the effect of their orders is of all causes that which most certainly enfeebles Empires, and destroys confidence in the ability of those rulers to govern.

Only by a surprising power of administrative recovery, and above all by the efforts of gallant soldiers in the field, has the cause that enfeebles Empires proved to be much less injurious than it seemed at one time

likely to be. But it must not be forgotten that what we have called a power of recovery was really the bold substitution of War Office control for Indian control. The Indian system remains to be completely overhauled.

To turn from the origins of error in the past to more recent origins, we find a very bad division of control between the India Office, which was responsible for the "policy" of the Mesopotamian campaign, and the Government of India, who were responsible for the "management." The authorities here were apparently more enthusiastic than those in India, but the latter were appointed the active agents. From the heights of Simla they presided over the Mesopotamian campaign; they not only did not visit Mesopotamia, they did not even visit Bombay, which was the true base of the operations. They behaved as though they were ignorant of the peculiar difficulties of navigation in the Tigris—and therefore of the necessity of supplying suitable vessels as soon as possible—and indeed as though they thought that a force could somehow be maintained far up the river without a special fleet of supply vessels at all. Both here and in India the civilian authorities were badly misled by their military advisers. But we may take the chief points in order. Sir John Nixon, after establishing control of Lower Mesopotamia, submitted a plan for advancing on Bagdad. General Townshend in trying to carry out this scheme protested to Sir John Nixon against being asked to reach Bagdad with a seriously inadequate force; but Sir John Nixon's "confident optimism" convinced the Cabinet, who were admittedly ruled largely by a political consideration—the desirability of a striking success in order to counteract the presumed bad effect on the Moslem world of our failure

at the Dardanelles. The Report says that the advance on Bagdad, as undertaken by General Townshend, was "an offensive movement based upon political and military miscalculations and attempted with tired and insufficient forces and inadequate preparation." Responsibility is apportioned in the following order:—Sir John Nixon, "whose confident optimism was the main cause of the decision to advance"; Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy; Sir Beauchamp Duff, the Commander-in-Chief in India; Sir Edmund Barrow, Military Secretary to the India Office; Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for India; and the War Committee of the Cabinet. All the evidence laid before the Commission showed that the expedition was very badly equipped. The shortage of transport was fatal. "The want of foresight and provision for the most fundamental needs of the expedition reflects discredit upon the organizing aptitude of all the authorities."

As for the medical arrangements, which broke down worse than those in the Crimean War, the Report adopts the findings of the Vincent-Bingley Commission, which inquired into the details on the spot. From a very early stage the sick and wounded underwent great suffering. This increased after Ctesiphon, and culminated during the Kut relief operations, when there was a complete breakdown. Surgeon-General Babbie, Director of Medical Services in India, and Surgeon-General Hathaway are specially blamed. The Commission censures the attempts to conceal the medical deficiencies. A most harrowing description by Major Carter of the withdrawal of the wounded by river to Basra is given, but the official report was: "The medical arrangements under circumstances of considerable difficulty worked splendidly."

When Major Carter endeavored to get matters improved he was threatened with arrest by General Cowper, who was simply passing on the ill-humor with which he was treated by Sir Beauchamp Duff. Major Carter played a brave and humane part, and was rewarded by being called an interfering faddist. Sir Alfred Keogh said: "The medical arrangements connected with the Army in India had been for years and years most disgraceful." In blaming individuals the public will, no doubt, be guided by the feeling that if miscalculations and ignorance may possibly be pardoned in themselves, they cannot be forgiven when they are due to a blind and lofty arrogance. There are unhappily too many examples of this. When General Cowper, who was responsible for the transport, sent an urgent telegram about the conditions, this telegram was transmitted to India by Sir Percy Lake. Sir Beauchamp Duff in replying to it rebuked Sir Percy Lake for the wording of the message and added: "Please warn General Cowper that if anything of this sort again occurs, or I receive any more querulous or petulant demands for shipping, I shall at once remove him from the force, and will refuse him any further employment of any kind." The tone of this unexampled message can excite nothing but indignation.

It is hard to believe, but the Government of India tried to manage the campaign on principles of limited financial liability. Sir John Nixon asked for a railway from Basra to Nasariyeh, but this was refused on the ground of expense. "Of two things, one," is a specially true motto for those who make war. You must strike with all the resources that are demonstrably necessary or forswear the job altogether. The Government of India accepted the job, but they were too

much concerned all the time as to how deeply they would become entangled. With this limitation of their commitment was coupled a morbid concern for their own dignity when they deliberately chose to walk on insecure ground, and this accounts for the want of frankness—to use a mild term—in reporting the terrible defects which followed. The Viceroy accepted a great responsibility, and is judged accordingly, because, after the manner that had become fashionable in recent years, he often acted without reference to his Council.

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We must revert to our first theme. India has not traditionally produced bad soldiers and bad organizers. On the contrary, she has produced great soldiers and great organizers. The system for the past twelve years has been at fault. It has spread a rot in military administration. We cannot mend broken reputations, but we can and must repair the causes that create them.

THE AMERICANS IN FRANCE.

The first unit of American troops has landed in France. It would be absurd to exaggerate the immediate military importance of this event. The force is, no doubt, composed of regular troops, fully trained, admirably disciplined, perfectly equipped, and led by officers of intelligence and skill. But it must necessarily be but a small body compared to the mighty hosts by whose side it will fight and to the German hordes whom it will confront. However few in numbers, its arrival is a sign to all men—an omen full of hope and promise to the friends of ordered freedom; a portent of defeat and ruin to her foes. None, we believe, can fail to read the sign aright. It means that, within a few months, great armies, drawn from a hundred millions of free American citizens, and furnished with all that the boundless resources of the Republic can supply, will begin to follow this first detachment across the Atlantic, and it means that these armies will be increased by successive reinforcements until a democratic peace has been wrung from a defeated Germany. It is a sure presage of that Allied victory which America and the Western Powers and peoples judge to be the indispensable condition

precedent of a peace that will endure. That is its military significance, and in this aspect alone its moral effect will be immeasurable. It will give added confidence to the Allied soldiers on all fronts, and to the nations behind them who have so stoutly borne the awful burdens of the war. It will at the same time deepen the discouragement of the enemy in the trenches and at home, a discouragement which already no arts can stay or can conceal. The pertinacious peace intrigues, diligently pursued through so many obscure channels and with the assistance of such strange accomplices for many months, show that the "militarists" know the doom which is slowly but remorselessly drawing near to them. Herr Scheidemann has come back from Stockholm imbued with the gloomy conviction that peace is impossible "until Germany is completely democratized," and Herr Harden is filled with admiration for the success of the policy, which, with the modesty that is his own, he declares that Mr. Wilson has borrowed from himself. All the suppressions and all the distortions of the inspired Press cannot hide the landing of the American troops in Europe or convince them that it is

a matter of no moment. The Germans, and even the Austrians, know enough of the military resources of America, and of the indomitable vigor with which she uses them in war, not to feel a fresh chill at their hearts when they learn that her soldiers are already reaching the Western front.

But the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes in Europe beside the Union Jack and the Tricolor means more than a vast addition to our military strength, more than Allied victory, more even than a democratic peace. It is an earnest of all these, but it is also a symbol of that union of mind and feeling between the ordered democracies of England, France, and the United States, which promises to play the greatest part in moulding the future ideals and the future destinies of the world. This union, as we have more than once insisted, bids fair to rank forever amongst the great historic landmarks in the moral and political history of mankind. It is too large and too near a thing for the boldest amongst us to gauge. In character, in extent, and in duration its results are past finding out. But we know that it is built on all that is best and most solid in the tried and trusted traditions of the three democracies who have combined with most success the blessings of progressive liberty and the blessings of stable order in their national life. We know that the principles in which these traditions have their roots are sacred, and that from them no evil can proceed. We feel that this union is good, and we look forward with eager hopefulness to the exalted visions which it foreshadows. Visions, traditions, and principles alike are all incompatible with the elementary dogmas of Prusso-German *Kultur* and of its daughter "militarism." That is why we drew the sword and that is why the freest and the most pacific republicans on the

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earth have come to join us. The two schemes of thought and of life, autocracy and democracy, stand in death-grips. One or other must conquer, and the conqueror will in large measure dictate the moral and political conceptions of the world. It is the conviction of this truth, slowly forced upon her by the studied barbarism and the studied duplicity of Germany and her accomplices, which has forced America to take her rightful place in the armies of freedom. Germans have been arguing on all sorts of grounds that American citizens really could not be convinced that they have anything to fight about, and their many agents in the United States are busy supporting the contention. They deplored conscription in America, as the sacrifice of "one of the most sacred principles of national life," just as they had deplored conscription in England. They took comfort in the reflection that America would find it hard to send and maintain a large army overseas, even if the expeditionary force were to escape the German submarines. In any event, they were confident that the American Army is "not to be taken seriously." Well, we shall see. That, as Herr Harden unkindly reminds his countrymen, is exactly what they said about the British Army in the autumn of 1914. The first fleet of American transports has already arrived. The men in these ships, and the millions they left behind them, know well what is the cause for which they are ready to sacrifice their all. It was defined for them and for the kindred democracies of the world once for all in the cemetery of Gettysburg. They are fighting that this world "under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." And for that cause they will fight to the death.

RUSSIA'S INTEREST IN THE WAR.

The position in Russia is one of extreme political difficulty, which the convenience of the revolution for us and for the French Republic, intolerably compromised as we were morally by the obsolete tyranny of the Tsardom, must not lead us to under-rate. A war cannot be carried on by a weak or divided Government; and an undivided Government means a party Government: that is, one that puts its own existence and cohesion above all other considerations, opposing all suggestions, good or evil, except on condition that it carries them out itself. This system was imposed on us by William III as necessary to success in his struggle with Louis XIV; and when Marlborough, not understanding it (like most of us today), attempted to drop it, he was forced back to it by the pressure of the same war. The point of it was, not in the least that men differ in opinion, and that the struggle between the Progressive and Conservative will always exist, but that the Cabinet must consist exclusively of sound party Tories or exclusively of sound party Whigs: the definition of a sound party man being one who places the retention of office by his party above all other considerations, political, moral, social, religious, or even personal.

This system is obviously a very questionable one both politically and morally. Like many other necessities of war, it is an abuse in peace; and outside the amateurs of the party game nine out of ten Englishmen, if asked whether King George should not be as free as Charles II to call on the best men to form his Government, irrespective of party, would unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative. Some of us would learn for the first time that such a course would violate the theory

of party government as well as its practice. Most of us would point out that we are at present governed by a coalition. But the coalition is itself a product of the very pressure that forced William III and Marlborough to abandon eclectic Cabinets. When the war came, it broke Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in two pieces, one of which split off at once by flat resignation, leaving the other in an anything but solid condition. The result was that Mr. Asquith was forced to take a step which in any less grave emergency would have taken away the breath of every political moralist. Finding, as William and Marlborough found, that without a solid majority for the war in the House, supporting a war Cabinet through thick and thin, the resolute prosecution of the war was impossible, he made a secret compact with the Opposition by which, in consideration of its supporting him in the event of too large a part of his own left wing deserting him, he agreed to drop during the war all legislation as to which the two parties were at issue. I invite the most thoughtful attention of the Russian leaders to the fact that this transaction, which at any other time would have placed Mr. Asquith in the position of a Minister who had secretly sold his party's principles and betrayed his followers in order to maintain himself in power, was accepted on all hands as inevitable and correct when it was disclosed some months later by Mr. Bonar Law in order to force Mr. Asquith to share the spoils of office with his Unionist supporters. A year earlier the scandal would have been as great as if General French had shot General Hindenburg, and picked the Kaiser's pocket. Under the pressure of war it was considered that Mr. Asquith was as fully entitled to do

it for the sake of defeating Germany as General French to fire as many cannons as he could find shells for at General Hindenburg, or General Smuts to seize the German colonies in Africa. The strain set up on the Liberal conscience would have wrecked any Government in peace. But the solidifying effect on the Government of the common danger produced by war was such that Mr. Asquith never found it necessary even to justify his action. He took it as a matter of course; and it was accepted both in Parliament and out exactly as he took it.

Accordingly we draw the moral that for Russia as for us a united omnipotent Government is a necessity in war. But this can be turned the opposite way with equal effect. If it be true that to win a war you must have a united omnipotent Government, it is no less true under present circumstances that if you want a united omnipotent Government you must have a war. We had that axiom in the eighteenth century from Russia on the authority of Catherine II: we had it in the nineteenth century from France on the authority of Napoleon III: in England we know it so well that no Englishman ever mentions it. And its present application is that if the Russian Revolution is to be saved from reaction, and the Russian Republic from disruption by the discontent of the working class and the diversity of the ideals of its own reformers, the revolutionary Government must fortify itself by a war, precisely as the French revolutionary Government had to. If there were no war it would have to make one.

By a stroke of luck so fortunate that few good Churchmen will hesitate to describe it as Providential, the Russian leaders are spared the horrible necessity of cynically making war to save their country. The war is ready made

for them, largely by the folly of their discarded rulers; and the revolution has transformed it from a dynastic Pan-Slav war to a crusade for liberty and equality throughout the world. Yesterday the kings of the earth rose up and their rulers took counsel together against the Lord and His anointed. Today the democrats of the earth rise up and their leaders take counsel together against the kings; and in this holy war lies the salvation of Russia from anarchy. In England, in France, and in Italy we shout, not very convincingly, that nothing is more to be dreaded than peace. But in Russia it is plain to every intelligent politician that peace is impossible, because peace with the foreign foe would let loose a civil war which, failing a Napoleon or Cromwell to establish a military dictatorship, might end in a White Terror and a few more disastrous years of Romanoff Tsarism.

Therefore if I were a Russian statesman I should say to my countrymen: "Do not fight one another: fight the Hohenzollern." There is a time for the ideals of Tolstoy; but today is the time for the warning of that still harder-headed genius Ibsen, which warning is that you keep far from the primrose path of ideals and look to your real welfare. For good or evil, the world has again committed itself to the ordeal of blood and iron; and though nobody with any brains worth talking about would have done such a thing, yet now it is done the result will depend on the quantity and quality of brain that can be brought to bear on the blood and iron. The revolution needs to be as crafty as Bismarck, and as free from idealistic illusions as Ibsen, if it is to weather such a storm. I do not ask the Russian leaders to trust us or any of the Allies; our history is not so disinterested as to give me the right

to make any such demand. I say, simply: Russians, look to your own interests, and you will find that they point even more emphatically than ours to pushing the war, even for the very sake of war, more resolutely than any dynasty. For the revolution has its back to the wall: it is the emperors who now seek peace.

Thus, whatever the Councils of Workmen and Soldiers may imagine, there is far more danger of the Russian revolutionary Government refusing to make peace when the moment comes for the rest of the Allies to consent to it than of its throwing away the

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German terror which is serving it so well at present. M. Ribot, in his dread of a Russian-made peace—a dread caught from us which may be called English measles—is forcing an open door.

The new régime in Russia will not be safely seated, for many a long day yet; and, until it is, the choice for it will be between war and Tsar, between military discipline and anarchy. If it does not choose war it will be very different from all previous successful revolutions in which the State power has passed to men not born and trained to govern.

Bernard Shaw.

MONSIEUR JOSEPH.

On the day that I left hospital, with a month's sick leave in hand, I went to dine at my favorite Soho restaurant, the Mazarin, which I always liked because it provided an excellent meal for an extremely modest sum. But this evening my steps turned towards the old place because I wanted a word with Monsieur Joseph, the headwaiter.

I found him the same genial soul as ever, though a shade stouter perhaps and grayer at the temples, and I flatter myself that it was with a smile of genuine pleasure that he led me to my old table in a corner of the room.

When the crowd of diners had thinned he came to me for a chat.

"It is indeed a pleasure to see M'sieur after so long a time," said he, "for, alas, there are so many others of our old clients who will not ever return."

I told him that I too was glad to be sitting in the comparative quiet of the Mazarin, and asked him how he fared.

Joseph smiled. "I 'ave a surprise for M'sieur," he said—"yes, a great surprise. There are ten, fifteen years

that I work in thees place, and in four more weeks *le patron* will retire and I become the proprietor. Oh, it is bee-utiful," he continued, clasping his hands rapturously, "to think that in so leetle time I, who came to London a poor waiter, shall be *patron* of one of its finest restaurants."

I offered him my warmest congratulations. If ever a man deserved success it was he, and it was good to see the look of pleasure on his face as I told him so.

"And now," said I presently, "I also have a surprise for you, Joseph."

He laughed. "Eh bien, M'sieur, it is your turn to take my breath away."

"My last billet in France, before being wounded," I told him, "was in a Picardy village called Fléchinelle."

He raised his hands. "Mon Dieu," he cried, "it is my own village!"

"More than that," I continued, "for nearly six weeks I lodged just behind the church, in a whitewashed cottage with a stock of oranges, pipes and boot-laces for sale in the window."

"It is my mother's shop!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

I nodded my head, and then proceeded to give him the hundred-and-one messages that I had received from the little old lady as soon as she discovered that I knew her son.

"It is so long since I 'ave seen 'er," said Monsieur Joseph, blowing his nose violently. "So 'ard I work in London these ten, fifteen years that only once have I gone 'ome since my father died."

Then I told him how bent and old his mother was, and how lonesome she had seemed all by herself in the cottage, and as I spoke of the shop which she still kept going in her front-room the tears fairly rained down his face.

"But, M'sieur," said he, "that which you tell me is indeed strange; for those letters which she writes to me week by week are always gay, and it 'as seemed to me that my mother was well content."

Then he struck his fist on the table. "I 'ave it," he said. "She shall come to live 'ere with me in Londres. All that she desires shall be 'ers, for am I not a rich man?"

I shook my head. "She would never leave her village now," I told him. "And I know well that she desires nothing in the world except to see you again."

Then as I rose to go, "Good night, M'sieur," said Joseph a little sadly. "Be very sure that there is always a welcome for you 'ere."

The next time that I dined at the Mazarin was some four weeks later, on the eve of my return to the Front. A strange waiter showed me to my Punch.

place, and Joseph was nowhere to be seen. Indeed a wholly different air seemed to pervade the place since my last visit. Presently I beckoned to a waiter whom I recognized as having served under the old *régime*. "Where is Monsieur Joseph?" I asked him.

"Where indeed, Sir!" the man replied. "It is all so strange. One day it is arranged that he shall take over the restaurant and its staff, and on the next he come to 'say 'Good-bye' to us all, and then leave for France. Oh, it is *drôle*. So good a business man to lose the chance that comes once only in a life! He is too old to fight. Yet who knows? Maybe he heard of something better out there . . ."

As the man spoke the gold-and-white walls of the restaurant faded, the clatter of plates and dishes died away, and I was back again in a tiny village shop in Picardy. Across the counter, packed with its curious stock, I saw Monsieur Joseph, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, gravely handing a stick of chocolate to a child, and taking its sou in return. In the diminutive kitchen behind sat a little white-haired old lady with such a look of content on her face as I have rarely seen.

Then suddenly I found myself back again in the London restaurant.

"Yes," I said to the waiter, "it is possible, as you say, that Monsieur Joseph heard of something better in France."

And raising my glass I drank a silent toast.

THE PLEASURE OF FRIGHT.

No one who has lived in London through the various air raids can any longer believe the platitudinous pretension that human fear can only be

held in check by discipline and duty. Excitement, curiosity, sheer irresponsibility, the mysterious attraction of risk, the mysterious desire to

get to the center (to be "in it"), and the off-chance of being useful are each sufficient to overcome fear in the Cockney. The Londoner may call out for official protection, but he will not take common precautions. The authorities complain that if warning be given, it will be regarded as a signal to rush into the streets, see what can be seen, increase one's experience, add to one's memories, and have a tale to tell when it is over. Now it cannot be denied that there is a side to all this light-hearted pluck with which we have no special need to be pleased. On the other hand, how terribly ashamed we should be if it were otherwise—if the hostile aeroplanes could drive us all to our holes, empty the streets, and lead every man, woman, and child to take the precautions which it is the duty of all officials to scold and persuade them into. This light-hearted courage of the public must sometimes, we think, seem to those upon whom the fearful thunderbolt has fallen—those who have seen the shattered bodies of their children carried out from the débris of a ruined school—as callousness. Common courage, the sort untinged by conscious sacrifice, has in it such a streak. There is so little refined gold in human nature. It glitters in the quartz. We must not expect to find it in the lump. Complete sympathy and careless courage are found in great natures only; but it must be remembered that the coward's sympathy is useless, even where it exists. Anyhow, there are vast numbers to whom the excitement of a new danger would appear pleasurable, and many others whose ordinary composure it is powerless to ruffle.

During the raid which took place on June 13th a young Lieutenant standing on one of the bridges read a motoring paper in the intervals of looking out for the raiders and listen-

ing to the explosions. Women with babies in perambulators charged along the pavement apparently as merry as their infants, just as we have all seen nurses at the seaside run to avoid a big wave, and as though a wetting, not destruction, was what the roaring noise portended. Stout old gentlemen as well as boys climbed on to a wall to see what they could, instead of taking cover. "Hardly safe in the streets now!" said a workman, in a tone of something like exultation, in a 'bus, listening with a face of cheerful interest to the quick-traveling news which explained the thundery noise he had been describing. He was an elderly man, and seemed to feel that now he was "in it" like the youngest of them—almost at the front as it were. A very real, if hardly conscious, desire to share the troubles of the soldiers lies very near the spring of this feeling, which is not, however, unconnected with the alert determination of the Londoner not to be bored, to enjoy whatever variety life sends him, even though it be the risk of death. We do not want to be grudging of praise, but we should fall into the danger of sentimentality if we regarded this state of feeling as wholly new or wholly fine. It is partly new and partly laudable, but something of the same kind caused our grandfathers to attend executions.

Another fact strikes us as bearing upon the fearless attitude towards raids which is betrayed in the streets. Deep interest in a scientific novelty plays its part, especially among mature people. Even righteous rage is for the moment masked by it. The ignorant share to a great extent the time-spirit of the instructed. They know nothing about science, but they are fascinated, just as the scientific men are fascinated, by all mechanical means of defying what seemed the laws of Nature. Miracles may be over,

but not the appetite of the populace for signs and wonders. Our own aeroplanes have, of course, become a familiar enough sight, but we do not see them at such fell work. That a thing in the sky, not much bigger than a bird, should be able to work havoc in a town thousands of feet below it is a phenomenon to strike both pity and fear into momentary abeyance. We are inclined to think that the wonders of the world strike the very young less than they strike the mature. They have not lived in a world which denied the possibility of what has now happened. Their memory does not carry them back to a time when such happenings were regarded by the old-fashioned as impossible, or by the more open-minded as very far off. In the young curiosity takes the place of astonishment. Watch children at a conjurer's entertainment. They would like to find out how he does it, but the marvel does not strike them. The sight of the familiar rabbit is greeted with more cheers than the most wonderful examples of sleight-of-hand. The Spectator.

hand. Youth longs for experience, but is often fearfully shocked by it. The sights they have risked their lives to see make a nerve-shattering impression upon them. In many ways they are more sympathetic than the old. "What fearful things are in the world," they say to themselves in horror. They cannot add, as their elders do: "But that grim knowledge is nothing new; it has been with us for years." With the curiosity of the good young goes an ardent desire to be of service. The old realize their own unimportance or impotence against fate.

In considering the facts and emotions which may explain the form of gallantry which the civilian population of London seem always ready to evince one cannot leave out of count the attraction of the tragic, which shows far more in the uneducated than the educated. It has something to do with the spirit of art, which finds other outlets in the learned. It has roots, too, which we dare not dig up, somewhere in a savage past.

Observer.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow" by Baroness Souiny (The Century Co.) is not a history, or a political study, but a vivid and intimate description of Russia and the Russians as seen from the inside, by one who is herself a Russian, yet who has a knowledge of other countries and peoples wide enough to admit of just estimates and comparisons. She writes with ease and confidence, sometimes lightly and humorously, sometimes with almost dramatic force, of the plots and counterplots which went on in court circles, of the spies and conspirators in high offices, of the Grand Duke Nicholas and the reasons for his dismissal, of Count

Witte and his political strategy, of Rasputin and his mysterious influence, of the widening gulf between the Tsar and the Russian people, and of the great upheaval which, almost in a single day, overthrew the Romanoff dynasty, sent the Tsar and Tsarina to prison, and brought Russia to a state of near-anarchy. Timely and illuminating, and of absorbing interest from the first chapter to the last, the book is an important contribution to the history of the period, and an aid to the understanding of the Russia of yesterday, even though it leaves the Russia of tomorrow a subject of doubt and conjecture. There are sixteen illustrations from photographs.